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THE CHANNEL ISLANDS:

Historical and Legendary Sketches.



THE CHANNEL ISLANDS :

Historical and Legendary Sketches.

BY

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P R E F A C E.

THE Channel Islands, whether we consider the salubrity of their climate, the varied beauties of their scenery, the fertility of their soil, or the important part they have sustained in the history of our country, deserve a better acquaintance, and a higher appreciation, than from their isolated position they have hitherto enjoyed. Although the first authentic mention of them appears to be in Cæsar's Commentaries, Book VI., as a place of refuge for a General, and his partizans, who fled from the neighbouring coast of Gaul, yet the remains of undoubtedly Celtic origin, both in coins, and in the temples for religious worship, sufficiently attest their colonization at a much earlier period.

Under Octavius Cæsar, Gaul was divided into provinces, and Normandy subdivided into presidencies, and

these, *with the inhabitants of the Islands lying near them*, were known in Celtic Gaul under the name of “The League of the Eleven Cities.” In the reign of Ludovicus Pius, son of Charlemagne, about A.D. 837, a series of incursions on the west coast of France commenced, which continued without intermission during a period of nearly eighty years, when a treaty was concluded, A.D. 912, by Charles the Simple, with Rollo their chieftain, by which Charles gave him his daughter in marriage, and ceded to him Normandy and the Channel Islands, as a fief of the Crown of France. But although the leader of a piratical band, the character and conduct of Rollo in the administration of justice appear to have been remarkable for strictness and impartiality. Whether originating in his own appointment, or from a veneration for his name, is uncertain, but a singular custom prevailed during his lifetime, of appealing to him, however distant he might be, in cases of oppression or encroachment; and the custom exists to this day in the Channel Islands. On bended knee and bare-headed, the plaintiff calls thrice on the name of the Duke, “Haro, Haro, Haro, à l’aide, mon prince!” signifying, “O Rollo, my prince, succour me!” The *clameur de Haro*, as it is termed, is tantamount to a

summary injunction to stay proceedings, and is exercised by the person who conceives that his land is infringed upon by another ; the party so infringing is bound to respect the *clameur* at his peril, and to desist until the matter in dispute has been judicially decided. Historians mention a remarkable instance of the efficacy of the *clameur*, at the interment of William the Conqueror, in the great abbey of St. Stephen, at Caen. When William built that abbey, he pulled down several houses, and did not compensate all the owners. Ascelin, one of these, as the corpse was about to be lowered into the ground, stepped forward and exercised the *clameur*, saying, "I appeal to Rollo, the father and founder of our nation, who, though dead, *lives in his laws.*" His claim was immediately investigated and allowed, none offering him any violence for interrupting the ceremony, but all respecting the Haro.

On the conquest of England by William Duke of Normandy, these Islands came under his dominion, and, from that period to the present time, the inhabitants have always proved themselves the valiant defenders and devoted subjects of Britain. In the reign of King John, Philip Augustus made two sudden incursions upon them, but was repulsed with so much vigour by

the natives, that, on the King's arrival with timely aid, he granted them a body of constitutions, the foundation of all their privileges and immunities, as a mark of his royal satisfaction at this display of their loyalty. In the 6th year of his reign, when Normandy was wrested from him by the French, Sir Reginald de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen in Jersey, was deprived of his lordship of Carteret, and other estates in that country, though far more valuable than his property in Jersey, remaining fixed in his allegiance to England. In the reign of Edward III. the Islands were again invaded by the French, who took Guernsey, and placed Hugh Queriet in Castle Cornet as governor. The Island remained in their possession about two years, when, A.D. 1341, it was recovered by the squadron of Sir Robert Morley. In 1347 the Castle of Mont Orgueil, Jersey, was besieged, but valiantly, and effectually, defended by Sir Reginald de Carteret and his seven sons, who were all knighted by the King in one day. In the reign of Henry VI. the French obtained possession, by treachery, of Mont Orgueil Castle. It would appear, that they retained possession of six of the parishes of the Island for six years, the other six, under the leadership of Sir Philip de Carteret, remaining stedfast to England.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward IV. it was retaken by the combined energies of the Islanders and the British fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Harliston. In the reign of Edward VI. the Island of Sark was seized by a French squadron, which also made unsuccessful attempts on Guernsey and Jersey; but, in the following reign, it was recovered by stratagem. According to the account of Sir Walter Raleigh, governor of Jersey about fifty years afterwards, a gentleman of the Netherlands anchored in the road with one ship, and, pretending that the merchant who had freighted it had died on board, requested permission of the French to bury him in consecrated ground, and in the chapel of the Island. This request was complied with, on condition that they should not land with any weapon, not so much even as a knife. All this was assented to; and it was further agreed on the part of the Flemings, in return for the favour granted, that the French should possess themselves of the commodities on board. These preliminaries arranged, a coffin, not containing a dead body, but swords, targets, and arquebuses, was put into the boat. On landing, the French searched the mourners so rigidly, that they could not have concealed a pen-knife. With some difficulty, the coffin was drawn up

the rocks, and, while a party of the French took their boat to board their vessel, the Flemings conveyed the coffin to the chapel; where, having closed the doors, they armed themselves and fell upon the French, who ran down to the beach, calling on their companions on board the Flemish vessel, to come to their assistance; but, on the return of the boat, they found it filled with Flemings, who, uniting with their countrymen, soon effected the complete capture of the Island.

During the Parliamentary wars, Jersey and Guernsey took opposite views of that unhappy conflict between the King and his people—Jersey strenuously upholding the royal cause, and Guernsey that of the parliament; but yet so strong was the attachment of the governor of the latter, Sir Peter Osborne, to the unfortunate House of Stuart, that he suffered a blockade in Castle Cornet of nearly nine years, viz. from March 1643, to December 1651, rather than desert, what he conscientiously believed to be, a righteous cause. Jersey afforded a refuge to Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles II., during his father's disastrous reign. He again visited that Island after his accession to the throne, on the 17th September 1649; and after the Restoration conferred upon it many marks of his royal favour: presenting to

the Bailiff and Magistrates a silver mace, with the inscription—

“ *Tali haud omnes dignantur honore ;* ”

and appointing Sir George Carteret, who had long, and vigorously, defended Elizabeth Castle from the Parliamentary forces, to the dignity of Chamberlain of the Household. Nothing of importance afterwards occurred to disturb the peace of the Islands, until the reign of George III., when two attempts were made on Jersey ; the first in 1779, under the Prince of Nassau, but the fleet could not effect a landing. The last was in January 1781, under the Baron de Rullecourt. His troops originally amounted to two thousand men, but, some of his transports being dispersed by tempests, and others wrecked, not more than 700 effected a landing, on the evening of the 5th of January. Under cover of the night, they easily secured the town of St. Helier, and took prisoner Major Moses Corbet, the lieutenant-governor. He, however, found means to send information to the commander of the troops, stationed in different parts of the Island ; and the regular troops, under Major Pierson of the 95th regiment, uniting with the militia, the contending parties came to a decisive engagement,

in which, both the invading General, and the gallant Major Pierson, were slain. Thus terminated the last aggressive movement on these Islands, by our powerful rival ; though rival now, we trust, no more, except in the peaceful tournament of industry.

The scenery of the principal Islands is so essentially different from each other, that a fair comparison could scarcely be instituted, and the decision must be left to the peculiar taste of the visitor. The first view of Guernsey, on the approach from England, is by no means inviting, the eye resting upon a line of flat coast to the N.E. of the Island, and destitute of verdure ; but when the voyager turns the point round the Vale Castle, and enters St. Peter's Bay, a scene of great beauty bursts upon the view. The Islands of Sark, Herm, and Jethou on the left, the town of St. Peter Port rising from the sea to the summit of a high hill, flanked on the right by Fort George, with old Castle Cornet standing out as an advanced guard, are most imposing. The most beautiful points of view are only accessible on foot, though a drive through St. Andrew's Valley, or the Talbot Road, King's Mills, St. Saviour's, Pleinmont, and Rocquaine Bay, would well repay the most fastidious. The sea-views are finer and more frequent than in Jersey ; and though

not so well wooded as the sister Island, it is in its own peculiar style equally interesting.

Nothing perhaps of the kind can exceed the grandeur of the coast scenery of Jersey in approaching St. Helier, especially in passing the Corbieres, a fantastic group of rocks which forms the south-western extremity of the Island. You pass the lovely bay of St. Brelade, and, after rounding Noirmont, the bay of St. Aubin, with its varied beauties, produces an effect almost overpowering. The town of St. Helier, on its right extremity, protected by Fort Regent, built on the ancient Mont de la Ville, 150 feet high; Elizabeth Castle, hard by which stands to this day the rocky cell of that venerable hermit St. Helerius, with the striking contrasts of rugged rocks and smiling pastures,—all these form a *coup d'œil* which must be seen to be conceived of. Inland, long lanes completely arched with trees of great beauty,—romantic valleys, as that of St. Peter's, bounded by woodland heights, and watered throughout by a gurgling stream,—cannot but excite the highest admiration in all, who have an eye to see, and a heart to appreciate, the beauties of nature.

But what shall we say of Sark, within the narrow boundaries of which, the varied forms of beauty, and of

grandeur, with which the other Islands abound, appear concentrated? Its tall, and almost perpendicular, cliffs, indented with sea-worn caverns, suggestive of dark scenes in the days of piracy and smuggling,—its quiet little bays, and the interior diversified with hill and dale, clothed with verdure, and woods of beech and poplar, together with those wild freaks of nature, the Creux Terrible and the Coupee,—cannot fail to strike the beholder with mingled admiration and awe.

In common with other spots, shut out from much intercourse with the world around them, great ignorance, and superstition, have undoubtedly prevailed, scarcely dispersed, especially in the country parishes, by the increasing light of modern times; the belief in the fairy race, both good and evil; diablerie, or the bodily appearances of the devil; and, to a certain extent, in witchcraft, still prevailing. The mania, which prevailed in the early part of the 17th century, for burning witches, extended to these Islands; and from the records of the Royal Court of Guernsey, it appears that, in the years 1598 to 1634, nine women and two men were barbarously executed, after having confessions wrung from them by torture. Great attention is, however, now paid to the subject of education; and this, together with increased

facilities of communication, will, we trust, speedily eradicate all traces of superstition with its attendant cruelties. Elizabeth College was founded by that learned queen, in consequence of the deplorable ignorance occasioned by a long reign of darkness and persecution; but until the year 1823, when the present edifice was erected, the inhabitants scarcely availed themselves of the privilege. Three scholarships were founded in the University of Oxford by Charles I. for the advantage of those born in the Islands of Jersey and Guernsey alternately, to which two more were added in the reign of his son and successor by George Morley, Bishop of Winchester, from which several distinguished natives of both Islands have profited. The present Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, the Rev. Dr. Jeremie, is a native of Guernsey, and received his education at Elizabeth College; while the name of Sir John Jeremie, another eminent Guernseyman, and late Governor of Sierra Leone, prematurely cut off in the midst of his philanthropic labours in the cause of the deeply injured sons of Africa, is one deservedly dear to every heart that throbs with sympathy for suffering humanity.

But it would far exceed the due limits of these intro-

ductory observations, were we even to glance at the distinguished men who have risen to eminence in the army, the navy, the Church, or diplomatic services, nurtured amid the beauties, and sublimities, of these distant Isles; and if they cannot boast of early literary celebrity, it must be attributed to their isolated position, and the frequent political changes to which they have been subjected, rather than to any want of innate mental vigour, which, when brought out by favourable circumstances, will bear advantageous comparison with the natives of more favoured lands.

In the prosecution of his labours, the author would acknowledge his obligations, for much valuable information, to Syvret's "*Chronique des Iles*;" Duncan's "*History of Guernsey*;" Redstone's "*Royal Guide to Guernsey*;" "*Recollections of Sark*;" Tupper's "*Chronicles of Castle Cornet*;" "*Cæsarea*;" "*A Week in Jersey*;" and "*The Fortress*."

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ST. QUEN'S MANOR HOUSE, - JERSEY.

THE
BATTLE OF MONT DE LA VILLE.

AN HISTORICAL TRADITION OF JERSEY.

WITH hoof of horse, and trumpet's clang,
St. Ouen's ancient turrets rang ;
And many a motley group was found,
That morn, within its ample bound :
For chiefs of old, well known to fame,
Who trembled at De Brézé's name,
Though enviously, in times of peace,
They saw De Cart'ret's wealth increase,
Now cluster'd round, in dire alarm,
For succour to that stalwart arm.

The beacon, blazing on the height,
Proclaim'd the foeman's host in sight;
It lighted up the vet'ran's eye
With all the pride of chivalry;
And, springing up with fiery glance,
"Brethren! we scorn the pow'r of France—
"To arms! to arms! my vassals all,
"Obedient to your leader's call,
"And at the foe defiance fling;
"Strike for your Charter, and your King.
"My son, to Grosnez straight proceed,
"From thence our own retainers lead;
"Nor till you reach Helerius stay,
"And wait me at La Halle au Blé.
"My gentle nieces, tend with care
"De Senmaresq's afflicted heir,
"And the high aid of Heav'n invoke,
"To free us from the Tyrant's yoke;

“ That peace, once more, may bless our Isle,
“ Again may plenteous harvests smile,
“ And, under Edward’s genial reign,
“ Our ancient laws intact remain.”

Thus having said, rode forth the Knight,
Well clad in suit of armour bright ;
And long the serfs recall’d with pride
The noble brow, the forehead wide,
While he his few brief orders gave,
And cried, “ May God King Edward save ! ”
But when he pass’d the manor’s bound,
The arch with antique sculptures crown’d,
They gave a shout, so loud and clear,
De Brézé might have quail’d to hear.
A plumed riding cap he wore,
His squire behind his helmet bore ;

He gave his mettled steed the rein,
And gallop'd briskly o'er the plain.
But oft he'd check his courser fleet,
When he a frighten'd band would meet
Of serfs, who sought, that fearful day,
To find protection at Grosnez.
With kindly accents he would cheer,
And bid them merge each rising fear
In joy, that now the hour drew nigh
For vengeance on their enemy ;
Then lightly press'd his Rolla's side,
And bounded o'er the champaign wide.

Anon, he sought a quiet glade,
Which flow'ring limes perfume and shade
With sycamores of liveliest green,—
It was a cool, delicious scene :

Slowly arose the wreathing smoke,
The stream alone the silence broke,
That water'd that sequester'd dell,
On which the morning sunbeams fell.
And now the lark's sweet note was heard,
Rousing to song each tuneful bird,
Till all, in one full chorus, raise
Their tribute to their Maker's praise :
They ceas'd at length, and then again
Silence profound resum'd her reign.

The calm repose of Nature quell'd
The pride which erst his bosom swell'd ;
He check'd his steed, while o'er his soul
Thoughts of sad melancholy stole.
The fight, with all its glories, wore
An aspect quite unknown before.

“Perchance,” thought he, “the ev’ning gale
“May bear the sorrowing orphan’s wail,
“And many a woman weep in vain
“O’er husbands, sons, and brethren slain :
“But surely Heav’n our cause will bless,
“And crown our arms with good success,
“Since we, in self-defence, unite,—
“For hearths, and homes, compell’d to fight.”

But while such thoughts possess’d his mind,
He left the peaceful scene behind ;
The calm of that secluded spot,
’Mid active cares, was soon forgot ;
And when he saw the bleating sheep,
Untended, in their pastures keep,
And lowing kine, with looks sedate,
Vainly the milkmaid’s office wait,

His martial ardour all return'd,
With indignation just he burn'd,
And long'd, in battle, for the weak
A terrible revenge to seek.

Full soon a vision touch'd him sore —
Cluster'd around each cottage door,
That morning, scar'd in wild dismay
From their accustom'd tasks away,
Stood those who woke the hills with song,
As through the vale they wound along;
Disconsolate, in crowds they kept,
And all in sad communion wept.

Soon as their Seigneur came in sight,
They hail'd his advent with delight;
And hasten'd forth the Knight to meet,
And with respectful welcome greet.

His bosom rose with honest pride,
While courteously he thus replied :
“ Wives, daughters, sisters of the brave,
“ I come your timely aid to crave ;
“ Let aged sires, with hoary head,
“ Whose martial fire long since hath fled ;
“ And striplings gay, whose tender age
“ Forbids in battle to engage ;
“ With all who have, or nerve, or skill,
“ To fire an arquebus at will,
“ All to the town in haste repair,
“ And learn the part which waits you there,—
“ Your country calls—nor need you fear
“ More risk than by remaining here.
“ All who by me resolve to stand,
“ In token raise to Heav’n your hand.”
’Mid loyal shouts, the most obey’d,
And instant preparation made :

He saw, amidst that feeble band,
The ready mind, the active hand ;
And, cheering on his gallant steed,
He reach'd Helerius with speed.

Collected, calm, behold the Knight
Alone ascend the neighbouring height ;
And, taking a minute survey,
To D'Anneville's tent he wends his way ;
And with that trusty friend and true
Made promptly all arrangements due.
Quickly, spread out in martial pride,
De Brézé's hosts the chiefs espied ;
At distance brief a halt they made,
And there a flag of truce display'd.
Sir Philip well the end foreknew,—
The sequel proved his prescience true ;

And ere the enemy he met,
His forces thus in order set:—
The right must to the Mount proceed,
To aid the bowmen in their need.
De Rozel and Méléche command
This small, but most determin'd band;
While those who his left wing compos'd
Must march into a field enclos'd,
That so they may the ground maintain
Which marks the bound'ry of the plain.
St. Ouen's lord their centre led,
Of all the Isle the chosen head;
For none, in danger's hour, might dare
With brave De Cart'ret to compare:
Nor, from the annals of the day,
Be lost the Chief of Trinité,
Who, clad in coat of mail, appear'd;
His coal-black charger proudly rear'd,

Long'd in the conflict to be found,
And paw'd, impatiently, the ground.
Should we of minor Seigneurs tell,
That host too much our roll would swell.
All breasts with patriot ardour glow,
All hasten on to meet the foe ;
Who now, at least two thousand strong,
In ranks unbroken, march'd along.

De Brézé then, the Gallic chief,
With Nenfant held communion brief,
A craven soul, whose lust of pelf
Made him forget his nobler self,
And sacrifice the Island's weal
To justify a Traitor's zeal.
As Scots, when Southron bands invade,
A firm, unyielding front display'd,

De Brézé saw, with mute surprise,
The bristling hosts before him rise ;
While wav'd aloft each banner high,
As if th' usurper to defy ;
And proudly, by the breeze outspread,
The British Lion rear'd his head ;
Yet chose to laugh, as if in scorn,
The flag of truce now forward borne ;
De Brézé's Squire came forth to meet,
And courteously the Knight to greet ;
And, leaning on his arm the while,
Was seen the Bailli of the Isle :
Sir Philip, e'en in danger's hour,
Could ne'er resist the comic pow'r ;
And when in terror, doubt, and shame,
The hapless dignitary came,
Twirling a roll 'twixt thumb and finger,
While, on his lips, words seem'd to linger,

Which utt'rance sought to find in vain,
He could not then a smile restrain.

The haughty Frenchman silence broke
At length, and thus imperious spoke :
“ Let all the serfs who hear me now,
“ This moment to their conqu'ror bow,
“ For none who still defiance dare
“ May hope his clemency to share.”
“ Conqu'ror, forsooth ! ” with look of pride,
And thund'ring voice, St. Ouen cried,—
“ We know of none ; our Island never
“ From England's realm shall aught dissever ;
“ No ruler we acknowledge now,
“ Save Edward, on whose gracious brow
“ Long may the crown securely sit !
“ To him we'll duteously submit.

“ Return, Sir Herald, and from me
“ Your valiant Captain tell that he
“ Who would the Victor’s laurel wear
“ Must first the Soldier’s conflicts share.”
“ Sir Knight, ’tis done, for at this hour
“ Mont Orgueil’s Fort is in his pow’r ;
“ Nor only so,—but all the Isle
“ Your Captain yielded up erewhile,
“ With all who to it appertain ;
“ Resistance would be worse than vain :
“ The great de Brézé can afford
“ Vast privileges to accord
“ To all who cast their arms away,
“ And will to France their homage pay.”
Then taking from the Bailli’s grasp—
Who seem’d in very fear to gasp—
The parchment, did the Squire present,
A most disgraceful document ;

"Twas sign'd by some whose courage fail'd,
And who before th' Invader quail'd.

The first upon that roll of shame
Recorded, stood the Bailli's name :

He cow'r'd beneath De Cart'ret's eye,
Fix'd on him so contemptuously ;

While thus indignantly he spoke :

" Coward ! to take the Tyrant's yoke,

" Nor yet content yourself to own

" Subjection to the Gallic throne,

" Must needs, by your example, try

" To shake the Island's constancy.

" 'Tis well indeed for such as you

" My sword has other work to do ;

" Else, just as willingly I 'd smite

" That false head from its trunk outright,

" As now this compact vile I rend,

" And to the winds its fragments send."

So saying, he his dagger drew,
And pierc'd the worthless parchment through.
The Bailli, in confusion dire,
For safety slunk behind th' Esquire ;
And then, with deprecating look,
His head he sorrowfully shook,
Hoping, no doubt, to make it clear
His signature was gain'd by fear.

And now the Herald thus express'd
The anger kindling in his breast :
“Beware, Sir Islander, be wise,
“Nor dare your conqu'ror's terms despise,
“Else shall his sword, this very day,
“Woman, and man, and suckling slay.”
“We scorn them,” was the quick reply,
“And here your caitiff knight defy ;

“ For England and our charter we

“ Will fall ; nor yet like dastards flee.”

From line to line the watchword flew,

To England and their charter true.

“ Now,” shouts Sir Philip, flush’d with pride,

“ We to your summons have replied.”

“ Not yet,” the herald cried, “ Sir knight,

“ For others sure you have no right

“ To speak ; let all come forth as well,

“ And each his own decision tell.

“ For you, rebelliously inclin’d,

“ No quarter may expect to find.

“ None ever yet, secure from harm,

“ Escap’d De Brézé’s pow’rful arm.

“ Let all who life and fortune prize

“ No more in vain resistance rise ;

“ For half the hosts who own his rule,

“ Train’d from their youth in warfare’s school—

“ The bravest sons of Gallia’s land—

“ Would soon disperse yon timid band.”

With vehemence exclaim’d the Knight,

“ We have the will, and more, the might.

“ God and our Lady shall succeed,

“ And aid us in our hour of need :

“ Back to your wily leader hie,

“ Tell him we all his pow’r defy ;

“ Tell him our chiefs, with one accord,

“ Have chosen me, St. Ouen’s Lord,

“ Captain of this my native isle,

“ Where trait’rous Nenfant rul’d erewhile ;

“ And that my islanders, so brave,

“ With me prefer a soldier’s grave,

“ Rather than for a moment’s ease

“ His base authority to please.”

The parley here had doubtless clos'd,

Had not the Bailli interpos'd.

In accents tremulous and weak

Our little friend was heard to speak,

Gasping for breath in very fear :

“ A word, Sir Philip, in your ear.”

Then from the ranks he forward press'd,

And thus his quondam lord address'd :

“ Think not De Brézé to escape—

“ That very fiend in human shape ;

“ Such fearful scenes have met my sight,

“ I have but yielded to the fright ;

“ And, as you value life and limb,

“ I warn you to escape from him.”

Th' esquire, impatient of delay,

A movement made to haste away,

To whom the Bailli spoke once more,

With ready wit unknown before ;

“ I ’ll warrant that my friend will yield,
“ Though brave and dext’rous in the field,
“ When he his real danger knows,
“ Which I would faithfully disclose.”

To this the herald smil’d assent,
And forward now the Bailli went ;
Then, with the Knight, in tones subdued,
His broken conference renew’d.

He greatly fear’d that day of strife
Would terminate his patron’s life ;

In case so hopeless, better far
To yield, than tempt the fate of war.

Sir Philip turn’d a scornful eye,
And scarcely deign’d to make reply :

“ Bailli, why thus disgrace thy name ?

“ Why thus thy cowardice proclaim ?

“ Thou man of legs, why dost thou stay—

“ Why not in silence steal away ?

“ But shelter if thou dost desire,
“ Behind our lines forthwith retire ;
“ A passage clear for thee I ’ll keep,
“ Though ’neath our arms ’twere best to creep.”
To utmost stretch, in mute surprise,
The Bailli op’d his sparkling eyes
To see De Cart’ret self-possess’d
And prone e’en now to homely jest,
While all, to his scar’d senses, seem
The phantoms of a fearful dream.
He tried to fly ; but in that hour
His limbs had lost their wonted pow’r.
The Knight, unheeding his alarm,
Now seiz’d our hero by the arm ;
And whirling through the air he went
As arrow from a bow well bent.
The ranks before him giving way,
Here, for a while, he prostrate lay,

Much doubting if himself were sane,
Or whether madness fir'd his brain.
Two of Sir Philip's followers brave
Uprais'd him then, and counsel gave
To seek for refuge in the rear,
For bloody work was drawing near.
When he these dreaded tidings learn'd,
His scatter'd senses soon return'd ;
His cowardice soon lent him wings,
And through the rearward hosts he springs.

Th' indignant Frenchman now demands
His prisoner at Sir Philip's hands,
And, by refusal much incens'd,
His worst anathemas dispens'd.
De Cart'ret cried, "I came not now
" To treat with such an one as thou,

“ But with De Brézé’s self to deal—

“ Bid him prepare our blows to feel.”

The Herald then, with wrath inflam’d,

In bitter irony exclaim’d,—

“ Methinks, Sir Knight, your feeble crew

“ Must e’en old Vulcan’s strokes outdo,

“ Seeing their numbers are so few.

“ Go, bid them to their ploughs return ;

“ From this escape discretion learn ;

“ Or seek in sport relief from toil,

“ Nor dye with blood their native soil ;

“ The game were better, I’ll be sworn.”

Then turn’d upon his heel with scorn.

Sir Philip now, in tones suppress’d,

The Chief of Trinité address’d,

Who call'd his 'squire so good at need,
To bring his coal-black mettled steed :—
“ Rolla, mon Rolla !” cried the Knight,
And, bounding o'er the turf as light
As, in the East, the fleet gazelle
Seeks mountain crag, or shady dell,
His noble courser reach'd his side,
And toss'd his glossy mane with pride,
And arch'd his neck, nor seem'd to feel
His massive panoply of steel.
De Cart'ret, mounted, gives him rein,
And soon la Halle au Blé they gain,
And, giving prompt injunctions there
For instant conflict to prepare,
Along the lines they quickly sped,
And scarce a minute could have fled
Ere, side by side with Trinité,
All silent, motionless, stood they :

Old England's standard floated nigh,
And fix'd was many an anxious eye
Their slightest movement to descry.

Now onward borne, 'mid loud acclaim,
Proudly the Frenchmen's banner came.
Sir Philip saw their hosts advance,
And cast behind an anxious glance;
But scarce had time this Island Chief
E'en to despatch a mandate brief,
When on the foemen pour'd amain,
Like mountain torrent o'er the plain.
A moment more — as in reply,
A trumpet blast was heard on high;
The Island Chiefs asunder parted—
To right and left with speed they started.
Two lines their arquebuses fir'd,
And in unbroken rank retir'd.

A trench upon the mount was thrown,
Whence, as by magic spell alone,
Amongst the foe, with certain aim,
A shower of barbed arrows came.

Th' invaders paus'd—but soon a cry
Rose from their midst, "They fly, they fly!
" On, on, pursue! no quarter give,
" For not a rebel soul shall live!"
And now, in orderly array,
Two-thirds had gain'd la Halle au Blé.

As savage wolves, by winter's cold
And sharpen'd appetites made bold,
Spread desolation through the land—
De Brézé and his murd'rous band,

With hopes of victory elate,

“No quarter! death!” vociferate.

The furious leader in advance

Thunders “Tue, tue! la France, la France!”

While gleam’d his naked sword on high;

“Tue, tue!” the soldiery reply.

But hark! once more the trumpet spoke,

Instant the sky was dense with smoke,

And soon was heard the cannon’s roar

And arquebus from ev’ry store.

Sir Philip’s troop, their zeal to show,

Had wheel’d about and fac’d the foe.

Rose on the ear a mournful strain,

A cry of mingled rage and pain;

Small space within that narrow bound

For dead and living could be found;

The living mass supports the dying,
Till wounded steeds, in terror flying,
As now th' assailants fought and swore,
Crush'd them to earth to rise no more.

From this unlook'd-for ambushade
A desp'rate rush the Frenchmen made,
But found the patriots of the Isle,
Taunted and much despis'd erewhile,
Had form'd, their liberties at stake,
A rampart which they could not break ;
The Seigneurs twain like lions fought,
While young and old their spirit caught ;
Nor only they the ground maintain'd,
But, step by step, advantage gain'd.

De Brézé rais'd his falchion bright,
And rush'd with fury on the Knight;
When, lo! the trumpet's warning dread
Amid his troops confusion spread.
“ Fall back! Fall back!” Sir Philip cried,
When he a faithful band espied,
Who, for his sake, devoid of fear,
Approach'd the murd'rous guns too near.
He back'd his steed, while, blow with blow,
Coolly he met his furious foe;
Parrying his thrusts with equal ease,
As if he fenc'd himself to please.

Meanwhile, upon the ear once more
Arose the cannon's horrid roar.
Once and again did darkness dread
Enshroud the dying and the dead;

Once and again a fearful cry
Was heard of mortal agony ;
While frighten'd steeds' terrific neigh
Might well the stoutest hearts dismay.
The rearward soldiers forward press
To aid their comrades in distress ;
Who seem'd all recklessly inclin'd
A grave on battle-field to find,
Lest, by retreat, eternal shame
Should sully their well-purchas'd fame.
Then on a final struggle bent,
Together rush'd with one consent,
Like madden'd wolves, the savage crew
To burst the living rampart through :
So desperate was their endeavour,
Not only they the leaders sever,
But forc'd the Islanders to yield
A few good paces of the field.

This contretemps, although so slight,
Did not escape the watchful Knight ;
And now, at the command to "fire,"
The troops fulfil their chief's desire ;
Nor soldiers, train'd in order due,
Could vie with these stout hearts and true.

Backward the escorceurs retreat

A more destructive fire to meet.

"Break in the doors!" with wounded pride,

And pow'rless rage, De Brézé cried ;

"The windows scale, that we no more

"May hear those guns' accursed roar :

"Again our country's flag advance,

"Strike for our Lady and for France."

No voice was heard, nor struck a blow ;

The circling smoke dispers'd, when, lo !

He saw, and madden'd at the sight,
The remnant of his hosts in flight.
“Perdition seize each mother's son!
“For shame!” he shouts, “the villains run!”
Then deeply spurr'd his panting steed,
And reach'd the open plain with speed;
But there did sudden dangers near
Excite still more his rage and fear:
For though the fugitives return'd
When they their chieftain's plight discern'd,
The rearward Islanders surrounded,
And worse the enemy confounded,
Who, by experience taught too late,
Now patiently the onset wait.

It tarried not, for through the plain
The trumpet blew a martial strain,

When D'Anneville and De Cart'ret's heir
Fresh in the conflict claim'd a share ;
These, with their men, conceal'd from sight,
Had waited long the sign to fight.
While, at the instant, from the right,
The arbalisters came in view,
Led by De Rozel brave and true ;
For when they, from their post on high,
Had let their deadly arrows fly,
By its superior height defended,
They silently the mount descended :
While, in the midst, the workman's toil
Had worn away the crumbling soil,
Projected far on either side,
Like giant arms extended wide,
The eastern mound with verdure dress'd,
Dark glitt'ring granite cloth'd the west.

Hence, at the preconcerted sign,
The bowmen with the troops combine,
Both right and left attack the foe,
And into dire confusion throw ;
Which brought De Brézé to a stand,
Nor saw he then the valiant band
Who o'er the plain pursued their way,
Advancing from la Halle au Blé.
Sir Philip now his gallant train
Cheer'd by his shouts, nor cheer'd in vain ;
They rush'd impetuous o'er the dead,
As men on worms of earth would tread,
The while they with triumphant pride
“ King Edward and our Charter ! ” cried.

Now fiercer, deadlier grew the strife ;
The fearful odds were death or life ;

While man with man in combat single,
And horse with horse, together mingle.
For this fresh ambush unprepar'd,
De Brézé now bewilder'd star'd :
To see the flow'r of France destroy'd,
And all his schemes of conquest void,
By Nenfant's promises deceiv'd,
His swimming eyes he scarce believ'd.
As though by magic art it seem'd
The very earth with warriors teem'd ;
Nor could he in that fearful hour
Perceive his own superior pow'r.
Now first in his renown'd career
Yielded this gallant chief to fear ;
And though with tiger's rage he fought,
To save his life alone he sought.
But soon as Nenfant he espied,
“ Base traitor ! ” he with fury cried,

(And rais'd his sword above his head,)

“ Go to the regions of the dead.

“ Are these the timid serfs by you

“ Describ'd as such a feeble crew,

“ Whom we with equal ease might slay,

“ As wolves on helpless flocks would prey?”

“ Mercy!” the trembling victim cries,

And knelt, no more again to rise;

For ere the last appeal was made

Came down De Brézé's pond'rous blade,

And from the trunk, still kneeling found,

The head descended to the ground.

Meanwhile the young St. Ouen, fir'd

With bravery, by all admir'd,

Had just before spurr'd on his steed

To give the trait'rous wretch his meed;

But seeing that De Brézé's blow
The craven sycophant laid low,
He turn'd to meet a worthier foe ;
And, " Ah, De Brézé !" fiercely cried :
The father view'd his son with pride ;
But soon emotions painful dart
Athwart his fond paternal heart :
" Brave though thou be," he murmur'd, " still,
" Howe'er invincible thy will,
" Soon thy young arm unnerv'd would be ;
" This is too great a foe for thee."

Then in his stirrup rose the Knight,
And, raising to its utmost height
That voice which made the hills resound,
And e'en the conflict's tumult drown'd,
Shouted, " De Brézé, here will I
" To single combat thee defy."

His axe from saddle-bow he wrench'd,
Which with both hands he firmly clench'd,
And dealt such blows both far and near
That soon he made a passage clear.
De Brézé flash'd his glitt'ring sword,
And turn'd to meet St. Ouen's Lord.
While he a furious onset made,
A cry was heard, "A l'aide, à l'aide!"
Wav'd to and fro the pennon white—
A moment more—'t was out of sight.
But this unlook'd-for foul disgrace
Endur'd but for a moment's space;
De Brézé's pow'rful arm once more
The standard from its captors tore,
And rais'd it high above his head
(Again the breeze its folds outspread)
With his left hand; the while his right
Defended it with all his might;

And, with the Frenchmen's rallying cry,
He call'd his scatter'd follow'rs nigh.
To this St. Ouen quick replied,
" King Edward and our Charter !" cried ;
And, following up his mortal foe,
Dealt with his battle axe a blow
Which caus'd th' invaders' flag to quake,
Their leader in his seat to shake :
Yet, in the twinkling of an eye,
De Brézé wav'd the banner high :
Casting an anxious glance around,
A youthful cavalier he found,
A knight of pure and peerless fame,
On whom his chieftain call'd by name.
Montessey held his honour dear,
Where duty led he knew no fear ;
And when De Brézé sought his aid,
With cheerful haste the youth obey'd,

Resolv'd the treasure to defend
With his heart's blood till life should end.
None in that dread affray had leisure
The thoughts of other men to measure ;
Else had they seen his looks express
A bearing cool and passionless ;
Though drawn his sword, its polish'd blade
Had not as yet a victim made ;
His shield appear'd more useful far,
Indented deep with many a scar ;
But fiercer passions, now discern'd,
Within that restless bosom burn'd ;
Those large grey eyes, so mild of late,
Now flash'd with dire revenge and hate,
And seem'd some worthy foe to seek
On whom his vengeance he might wreak :
In young De Cart'ret he had found
The foe he long had sought around,

But ere his cherish'd aim was gain'd
De Brézé's voice his course restrain'd.

That chieftain, thus reliev'd at length,
Now concentrated all his strength,
And, rushing on St. Ouen's Lord,
Clench'd with both hands his mighty sword,
And far o'er his right shoulder flung ;
It whizz'd, as through the air it swung,—
Encount'ring only empty space—
For Rolla, wisest of his race,
His master's slightest sign obey'd,
A *demi-vaulte* adroitly made,
And thus that valued life defended,
On which the Island's fate depended.
Stout though his armour was, it ne'er
A blow, thus aim'd, could harmless bear.

More and more desperate grew the fight
Around th'invaders' standard white ;
So equally did fate divide,
The keenest judge could scarce decide
Which of th'opposing hosts should claim,
On that dread day, the victor's fame.
Destruction's Demon seem'd to reign,
And on the field his court maintain,
Urging his lieges, mad with rage,
In savage slaughter to engage.
Roll'd to the earth, in deadly strife
They wrestled, e'en with parting life ;
Lock'd in the iron grasp of death,
Still cursing with their latest breath.
Thrice fell the standardbearer brave,
And thrice did he his banner wave ;
For Julien de Montessey bold,
Though fall'n, would ne'er relax his hold.

Meanwhile, De Cart'ret, and his foe,
Unsparingly gave blow for blow ;
Nor yet, when broken was each blade,
Was their impetuous fury stay'd ;
They seiz'd each battle-axe amain,
And fell to deadly strokes again :
And on they fought, in savage mood,
Till, all unhelm'd, De Cart'ret stood.
Young Edward could no longer stay
Mere witness of this fearful fray :
Choking, and thick, his breathing came ;—
He waited not to see the aim
Taken to cleave that honour'd head,
And rank De Cart'ret with the dead ;
But, lance in hand, with lightning speed,
He rush'd upon De Brézé's steed,
And with his weapon pierc'd his eye :
With a wild shriek of agony,

He bounded forward uncontroll'd,
And soon in dying anguish roll'd.
De Brézé quick his feet withdrew,—
“ Another sword, and charger too,”
In anger and dismay he cried.
Both sword and charger were supplied :
Then to the field he wildly spurr'd ;
The scene his soul to madness stirr'd :
First, his bewilder'd sight to meet,
His soldiers were in full retreat ;
In vain he sought, with anxious glance,
The yet unsullied flag of France :
While, swooning from his wounds away,
The brave Montessey prostrate lay,
De Cart'ret, ne'er so proud before,
Aloft the hard-earn'd trophy bore.
De Brézé, 'mid his foes alone,
Thunder'd, in hoarse, discordant tone,

Th' accustom'd soul-inspiring cry ;
But none remain'd to make reply :

When, hark ! a voice, distinct and shrill,
Sounds from the summit of the hill ;
As when the sea-bird, void of rest,
Sweeps o'er the ocean's troubled breast,
Responded thus La Blanche Vêtue
The fearful sentence " Sauve qui peut ! "
While, from the brink, she madly hurl'd
The fragments of an earlier world.
As through the lines the words were pass'd,
Full many an eye was upward cast,
And rested on a tow'ring form,
That seem'd the spirit of the storm.
They well might tremble at the sight :
Clad in a scanty robe of white ;

And the broad belt, that girt her waist,
With curious characters was trac'd.
Her hair was grey, and closely shorn,
While on her head a scarf was worn :
Her piercing eyes so restless dart,
As from their sockets they would start.
Bare were her legs ; her sandals strong
Bound to her feet by hempen thong ;
Peer'd from loose sleeves her sinewy arms ;
Her walking-staff was hung with charms,—
For thus, at least, the serfs believ'd,
Nor could they e'er be undeceiv'd.

By this new danger frenzied quite,
De Brézé's soldiers took to flight ;
Their chieftain by the flying throng
Unwillingly was borne along.

The Islanders' exulting cry
Seem'd fain to rend the very sky :
Pursuing still, with relish keen,
Full soon they left the bloody scene ;
And, on the field, was heard alone,
The wounded soldier's dying groan.

Sir Philip check'd his valiant crew,
Eager the vict'ry to pursue ;
And when the conqu'ring hosts again
Were rallied on the open plain,
Reminded them that not as yet
Must they in ease their toils forget ;
Since many a comrade, prostrate laid,
Might be reviv'd by timely aid ;
While those who, in the recent strife,
Had paid the forfeit of their life,

The Island's liberties to save,
Should be decreed a patriot's grave.
While to the task they all proceed,
Did many a wounded spirit bleed,
When friends and kindred, near and dear,
Amongst the ranks of dead appear.
But when, upon the carnage ground,
Such heaps of slaughter'd foes were found,
Scarce was the welcome truth believ'd
So proud a triumph was achiev'd.
Some cried that superhuman might
Must have presided o'er the fight :
While yet the more discerning few
Gave credit where 'twas justly due,
De Cart'ret's praises, sounding high,
Join'd with the shouts of " Victory ! "

As spread the joyful news afar,
From out the seat of civic war
Rush'd forth a group, whose ev'ry breast,
With patriotic zeal possess'd,
Prompted, that day, such val'rous deeds,
As nought in martial fame exceeds.
Grey-headed sires, bent down with time,
And blooming maidens, in their prime,
Yet render'd all unsightly now,
With blacken'd face, and crimson'd brow ;
Whose garments, sore begrim'd with smoke,
Their military toil bespoke ;
While boys present a novel sight,
Heroes become, for home to fight.
As forth these motley warriors came,
Afresh was heard the loud acclaim,
“ All honour to De Cart'ret's name ! ”

Now, to a venerable pile,
The monastery of the Isle,
With utmost tenderness and care,
The Islanders the wounded bear.
Amongst the rest was D'Anneville found,
All pale, and bleeding, on the ground :
Jacqu'line and Margaret attend
Unceasing on this cherish'd friend ;
And many a racking pain that day
Was, by their kindness, chas'd away.
The young De Cart'ret saw with pride
Fair Margaret, his destin'd bride,
And Jacqu'line too, with pitying face,
As the good angels of the place :
But when these lovely maids beheld,
Return'd from this well-foughten field,
Uninjur'd, those they lov'd so well,
Their deep emotion who can tell ?





G. S. REYNOLDS, DEC.

M. A. N. HANWART, IMPR.

MONT ORGUEIL, - JERSEY

Each in the other's arms suspended,
Their mutual joys and sorrows blended.
At length the bell for vespers rung ;
All for the dead a requiem sung ;
While their united thanks ascend
Joyful to that Almighty Friend,
Who in his plenitude of power
Guarded the weak in danger's hour,
And deep, beneath his with'ring frown,
Had cast the proud oppressor down.

THE WHITE HORSE.

AN HISTORICAL TRADITION OF JERSEY.

~~~~~  
Woe worth the chace, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!

~~~~~  
SIR W. SCOTT.

WHEN Mortimer, at Hexham, won the day,
And over Britain held precarious sway,
A foreign band fair Jersey's Isle invade.
Mont Orgueil, by Boutilier betray'd,
By false De Brézé was for Louis held,
'Gainst whom the loyal Islanders rebell'd.
Their leader bore De Cart'ret's honour'd name,
Of ancient lineage, well known to fame ;
The Seigneur of St. Ouen he was call'd,
Whose valour the invaders oft appall'd.

When opes my tale, the Fort beleaguer'd lay,
The British fleet protected Gorey Bay,
O'er which the gallant Harleston held command ;
While at each outlet watchful sentries stand ;
And not far distant camp'd, the eye might view
A valiant host, to England's standard true.
Thus doubly guarded, brave De Cart'ret sought,
In recreation, ease from anxious thought.
Near to his manor flow'd a limpid stream,
Whose silv'ry tenants in the noontide beam
Delighted bask, and at the close of day
Leap for the flies that o'er the surface play.
Thither the Knight a snow-white charger rode,
A royal gift, in gratitude bestow'd ;
Rolla his name, who on the battle-field,
'Mid hottest fight, was never known to yield.
His limbs were pow'rful, yet his airy tread
Scarce brush'd the dew-drop from the daisy's head ;

He at his master's voice, in conscious pride,
Bent his arch'd neck, and bounded to his side ;
His burden to receive would docile kneel,
And in a thousand ways his joy reveal.
Mounted, the Knight rode forth, most trimly dress'd
In purple doublet, and embroider'd vest ;
A high-plum'd cap of velvet did he wear,
From whence escap'd stray locks of silv'ry hair.
His trusty 'squire bestrode a humbler steed,
Bearing such tackle as the Knight might need.
Long time the angler cast his line in vain,
No crafty fish could his manœuvres gain ;
When, suddenly, a figure met his view,
In whom he recogniz'd La Blanche Vêtue.

Hers was a tall, attenuated form,
Her furrow'd cheeks betray'd affliction's storm ;

A strange, unearthly wildness in her eye
Gave an expression of deep mystery.
By all the superstitious she was fear'd,
Who shrank away whene'er the dame appear'd ;
But should some evil 'bide St. Ouen's Lord,
Howe'er her visitations were abhorr'd,
By day or night her warning voice was heard,
Nor from her purpose bolts nor bars deterr'd :
For though, to vulgar eyes, this woman lone
Seem'd to possess a heart as hard as stone,
Deep sympathy within her breast still glow'd,
And gratitude for favours long bestow'd.
In sorrow's school her early days were pass'd,
For while, in foreign climes, her lot was cast,
She saw, with feelings stunn'd, and tearless eye,
Burnt at the stake, her nearest kindred die.
Distraught, she came to Cæsarea's Isle,
But never, never more was seen to smile.

She found protection in De Cart'ret's wife,
Who, in the last sad hour of parting life,
This blighted soul did to her lord commend,
Her life to cheer, her int'rests to defend,
Should danger threaten, or oppression vex
This voluntary outcast of her sex.

He gave the promise, and, though sorely tried
By those wild habits which all rule defied,
He stood her friend, and oft, in time of need,
Defended her by many a daring deed.

It chanc'd a small, but most determin'd band,
That morn approach'd along the golden sand,
That marks, at ebbing tide, St. Ouen's Bay,
Which, from the spot at no great distance lay.
To seize the Knight by stealth was their design,
And in Mont Orgueil's donjon-keep confine.

'Twas now that Blanche appear'd, with outstretch'd arm,
Their destin'd victim timely to alarm ;
Raising her figure to its utmost height,
In screeching tones she urg'd his speedy flight :
“ St. Ouen, fly ! the French are on thy track,—
“ Lose not an instant,—to thy manor back !”
Sir Philip look'd at her with scornful eye :
“ No fear of this,” was his compos'd reply ;
“ Our fortresses are all securely barr'd ;
“ T' escape our sentinels they 'll find it hard.”
“ Rash mortal, fly !” she shriek'd, “ nor tempt thy fate :
“ A moment more, and it may be too late ;
“ E'en now they come ; I hear their horses' tread,
“ Boutilier, the traitor, at their head.”
“ Dame,” cried Sir Philip, in an alter'd tone,
“ In plainer language make thy meaning known.
“ Why didst not tell the traitor's name at first ?
“ For canting phrase thou know'st I hold accurs'd.

“ But say, good mother, didst thou only see
“ Twelve horsemen ? this stout arm shall make them flee.”
“ Save him, thou spirit of my murder’d sire !
“ What fiend, St. Ouen, can thy breast inspire ?
“ The lives of hundreds hang upon thy fate ;
“ This moment fly ! no longer hesitate.”

The ling’ring Knight obeys the warning voice,
’Twixt flight and capture there remains no choice.

Rolla, whose practis’d ear first caught the sound

Of horsemen, join’d his master with a bound :

Excitement pleas’d the highly mettled steed,

And off he started at his utmost speed.

“ Long live King Edward !” did De Cart’ret cry,

And to the shout the echoing hills reply ;

The while “ De Brézé !” was proclaim’d so near,

A less brave spirit would have quail’d for fear.

Sir Philip flings his velvet cap on high,

And shouts, “ King Edward and our liberty !”

Rolla, elate, his ecstasy display'd,
He toss'd his graceful head, and shrilly neigh'd ;
And bounding forward with the speed of wind,
At distance left his followers behind.

And now the Knight, exulting in the chace,
Nor doubtful of the issue of the race,
His loyal shouts triumphantly renews,
While with loud oaths the enemy pursues.
But soon, alas ! his confidence subsides,—
Two sheep were struggling o'er the path he rides,
Which from a neighb'ring fold had lately stray'd,
And, tied together, on that path were laid.
Sir Philip saw them not, he rode so fleet,
'Till well nigh trampled 'neath his horse's feet.
Panting with fear, bewilder'd, they essay
'T' escape the danger each a diff'rent way ;

Their unavailing efforts to get free,
Soon brought the noble Rolla to his knee,

The Frenchmen, on the Knight now gain'd apace,
And narrower grew the intervening space ;
He almost felt the foremost horse's tread,
While six wing'd arrows whizz'd around his head,
And fancied, as he turn'd to meet the foe,
He felt their heated breath upon him blow.

Now first, since he the gen'rous beast possess'd,
Into his sides, the cruel spurs he press'd.

The faithful creature, as by magic spell,
Quickly recover'd ; but what tongue can tell
How he express'd the anguish of the smart,
In tones which pierc'd his master to the heart ?
With fond, endearing epithets, the Knight
Patted his neck, and urg'd to speedier flight ;

He bounded forth, neigh'd joyously again,
And scarce to touch the yielding earth would deign.
Sir Philip, who on Rolla's speed relies,
In very wilfulness "King Edward!" cries,
And waves his chap'ron with a knightly air,
While, all unknown, Death watch'd in ambush there.
With undiminish'd speed, did Rolla now
A winding hill ascend, whose lofty brow,
With spreading fern, and yellow furze-bush, crown'd,
Just overlooks the Island's western bound ;
A lovely valley on the other side
Extended lay, through which the Knight must ride,
Before he could the beaten track regain,
Which would conduct him to his own domain.

There, where the tortuous road conceal'd from sight,
Six horsemen stood, well clad in armour bright,

And there, did patiently his coming wait ;
But now La Blanche, still watchful o'er his fate,
With never-tiring haste, had gain'd the spot :
The rugged path she trod, she heeded not,
And, standing on the steep that bounds the right,
With warning voice she urg'd his rereward flight :
“ Turn back,” she cried, “ an ambush lies before,—
“ And gain the road you pass'd, or all is o'er.”
No more he dar'd her counsels to disdain
As the wild dreams of an unsettled brain ;
Yet much it cost him, her advice to take,
It almost caus'd his valiant heart to quake.
Resistance seem'd indeed a hopeless case ;
The turning, his pursuers near'd apace ;
No chance was left him, if this point they gain'd,
And then, but one alternative remain'd :
Full sixteen feet below, a meadow lay ;
A muddy dyke between, obstructs the way,—

The width, 'tis said, was thirty feet and more,—
Which ne'er by horse, or man, was cross'd before.
Could he, indeed, but take this dang'rous leap,
He might his enemies at distance keep.

The daring thought scarce flitted through his brain
Ere Blanche's frantic voice was heard again :
“ St. Ouen, leap ! 'twere better far to die,
“ Than vile De Brézé's captur'd foe to lie.”

Ere she had ceas'd, the Knight a circuit made,
His Rolla to prepare, who loudly neigh'd ;
Lightly he press'd his sides, and gave command,—
The faithful creature seem'd to understand ;
He shakes his mane, with nostrils widely spread,
And high in air, erects his noble head ;
Then, with the speed of lightning, forward flew,
And clear'd the gap, ere yet his master knew ;
Who, yet so firmly had retain'd his seat,
That e'en his enemies applaud the feat.

For such a contretemps quite unprepar'd
They reach'd the spot, and in amazement star'd.
"Bravo!" they cried, save one, whose wrathful breast
With bitter disappointment was possess'd :
"On, comrades, on!" he eagerly exclaim'd,
"The lion-hearted Knight may yet be tam'd ;
"On to the valley ! we may catch him still,
"Ere he can gain the summit of the hill."
Soon as La Blanche the speaker had espied,
"Ah, Le Boutilier !" she wildly cried,
"Out on thee, monster, renegade abhorr'd !
"Is this thy duteous fealty to thy Lord ?
"May Heav'n's worst maledictions on thee light,
"Pursue thee everywhere, thy prospects blight !"
"Have at thee, Fury !" Roger did exclaim,
And with his crossbow took a random aim.
He waited not the arrow's course to heed,
But, spurring cruelly his panting steed,

Whose reeking flanks were soon besmear'd with gore,
Urg'd on the chace more hotly than before.

The horsemen, who in ambush had remain'd
For action fresh, upon Sir Philip gain'd ;
From instant peril free, he had repress'd
The ardour of his steed, to give him rest ;
For, though with undiminish'd speed he flew,
He saw each movement more distressing grew.
The gen'rous creature still his zeal display'd,
And scarce the Knight's restraining curb obey'd ;
Who to the danger gave but little thought,
His faithful Rolla's ease he only sought.
On this intent, almost devoid of fear,
Startled, he heard " De Brézé !" shouted near,
Yet had not heart the noble beast to urge,
Although he trembled on destruction's verge.

Onward, with furious yells, approach the foe ;
“ Sure we shall have him now,” thought they, but no !
Rolla, with instinct rare, had mark’d the cry ;
His limbs new vigour fill’d ; with eager eye,
With ears erect, and wildly flowing mane,
Across the downs he darted forth again.
Women and children, all affrighted fly,
While at this furious pace the Knight pass’d by ;
Behind the shelt’ring trees, for safety hide,
Or in the ditches which the fields divide.
His foes were distanc’d, and before him lay,
Just visible, the manor’s turrets grey ;
One other turn,—and then, full well he knew,
The massive gateway would appear in view.
This gain’d, he blew a blast, both loud and clear,
Which to his household oft proclaim’d him near.
Patting his kind preserver’s steaming side,
“ Voilà, mon Rolla !” he triumphant cried.

Alas ! the faithful creature's work was o'er,
He sank upon his knees, to rise no more ;
His quiv'ring limbs their wonted aid deny,—
He shrilly neigh'd, but 'twas his mortal cry.
Sir Philip hastily his feet withdrew ;
A pang, as from a dagger, pierc'd him through,
When the brave Rolla, whom he lov'd so well,
On his left side, in dying anguish, fell.
A moment motionless the warrior stood,
And from his eyes gush'd forth a briny flood,
As on his fav'rite mournfully he gaz'd,
The while his beauteous head he gently rais'd.
He heard his noble charger feebly neigh,
Stretch'd on the turf, and pow'rless while he lay ;
As though he would his gratitude express,
And whisper back his master's fond caress.
And soon that master's heart within him died ;
From mouth and nostrils rush'd a purple tide ;

Rolla his life-blood on that spot did spill,
His limbs convulsive shook, and all was still.
And there, with downcast eyes, and drooping head,
In silent anguish bending o'er the dead,
Stood he who never quail'd before the foe,
Nor would, 'midst falling hosts, emotion show.

His household heard when he his bugle blew,
And issued forth to give him welcome due.
Awe-struck, and sad, at this unwonted sight,
With sympathy they greet the stricken Knight,
Whose thoughts on deep abstractions seem'd to dwell,
Till Jacqu'line's gentle touch dissolv'd the spell.
In vain was spread, that night, the cheerful board,
And e'en the choicest viands were abhorr'd ;
With minstrel strains the hall no longer rang,
Nor yet, in dulcet accents, Marg'ret sang.

Tradition tells, that for this gallant steed
All due funereal rites the Knight decreed ;
And there, within the garden's ample bound,
Long time existed his sepulchral mound.
Let none who this pathetic tale may hear
O'er Rolla's hapless fate disdain to drop a tear.

THE
LADY OF ST. O U E N.

AN HISTORICAL TRADITION OF JERSEY.

WHEN Henry, first of Tudor's race, the Roses
did unite,

And England's sons, from war releas'd, in arts of
peace delight,

There rul'd in Jersey's distant isle a man of ill
renown,

Who brought contempt and deep reproach upon the
British crown.

In various ways the natives he most sorely did
oppress,

Who frequent sought St. Ouen's Lord their griev-
ance to redress ;

And he, the good De Carteret, espous'd their righteous
cause,

Resolv'd inviolate to maintain their ancient Norman
laws.

Thus, 'twixt the Governor and him, ensued a deadly
strife ;

But nought could to his charge be laid, so blame-
less was his life :

No pretext for an open breach his enemy could
find,

So wove a web of falsehood foul, and treachery,
combin'd.

To Norman noblemen he wrote, and forg'd
De Cart'ret's name,

A letter, artfully contriv'd to tarnish his fair
fame—

That he, on certain terms, the Isle would to the
French betray :

Then threw the lie into a ditch beside the public
way.

Boutilier, his poursuivant, a man of evil race,

Whom, once, De Carteret had sav'd the halter's foul
disgrace,

Was, nothing loth, required now this forgery to
bring,

To prove St. Ouen's Lord to be a traitor to his
King.

With this unto the Royal Court the Governor did
ride.

Hardy, the Bailli of the Isle, gain'd over to his
side,

A ready credence gave unto this most unfounded
tale ;

And thus, o'er justice, might appear'd too surely
to prevail.

De Cart'ret, in Mont Orgueil's keep, a helpless
captive lay,

Doom'd with Boutilier to fight upon St. Lawrence'
Day.

For loyalty assum'd, the wretch was plenteously
supplied,

The while of want the patriot chief was likely to
have died.

Meanwhile, the Governor, who thought his enemy
secure,

To London hied, intent to make assurance doubly
sure,

Resolv'd before his Majesty the whole affair to
lay ;—

And lest De Cart'ret's faithful friends should head
him on his way,

A proclamation he sent forth, which none had
dar'd before,—

Without the Bailli's special leave, no boat should
quit the shore.

Thus, having these precautions ta'en, for England
he set sail,

Nor deem'd it possible that now his wicked plan
could fail.

It chanc'd the Lady Margaret, De Cart'ret's lovely
wife,

Her first-born son had lately launch'd upon the sea
of life ;

Her loyal, faithful Lord meanwhile, she heard with
dire dismay,

Accus'd of traitorous designs, within a dungeon
lay.

Indignantly she heard the charge ; “ 'Tis false, 'tis
false ! ” she cried,—

“ He who for England's cause, so oft, fought at
our father's side :

“ Now, placing all my trust in Him, who saves the
poor oppress'd,

“ At Royal Henry's feet I'll fall, and see his
wrongs redress'd.”

From Grosnez Castle she set forth to cross the
roaring main,

Nor heeded she at all the storm of mingled sleet
and rain.

On reaching Sarnia's Isle she found the Governor
pass'd on,

So with De Beauvoir she embark'd, impatient to
be gone.

Her perils on the mighty deep 'twere needless to
relate ;

Arriv'd at Poole, discovery had nearly seal'd her
fate ;

For, 'midst a storm of wind and hail, the lady came
to land,

The while her foe, with all his men, were still upon
the strand.

While they in great confusion sought a shelter from
the storm,

De Havilland in secret gave to her a welcome
warm ;

But there, in spite of sore fatigue, not long would
she abide,

And, mounting on a palfrey fleet, to Salisbury did
ride.

Nor yet till she to London came would she prolong
her stay,

But hasten'd all her grievances before the King to
lay.

By Winchester's politeness, she a ready audience
gain'd,

And there her Lord's unhappy case with eloquence
explain'd.

Nor fell unheeded on the King those accents soft
and clear ;

Investigation quickly made his innocence appear :

'Twas found he was a noble soul, as loyal as could
be,

And issued soon the King's command, that he should
be set free.

Now from the throne, her purpose gain'd, scarcely
did she withdraw,

When, lo ! th' astounded Governor upon the stairs
she saw ;

He to the Council Chamber went, but all too late
he came,

A faithless servant quickly prov'd, and overwhelm'd
with shame.

Meanwhile, with lighten'd heart, and with De
Beauvoir in her train,

The Lady of St. Ouen sought fair Jersey's Isle
again.

She reach'd Mont Orgueil's fort the eve before St.
Lawrence' day,

In time to save her noble Lord from treach'ry and
foul play.

The wretch with whom, for troth and fame, he
was engag'd to fight,

Had order'd pitfalls to be dug, securely hid from
sight ;

That so, when on the ground he came, who never
fought in vain,

Falling at unawares, his foe an easier prize might
gain.

Full nineteen years thereafter liv'd this lady and
her lord,

Bless'd with eleven noble sons, around their house-
hold board ;

Each rose to honourable place, in England or the
Isle,

And on their enterprises aye good fortune seem'd
to smile.





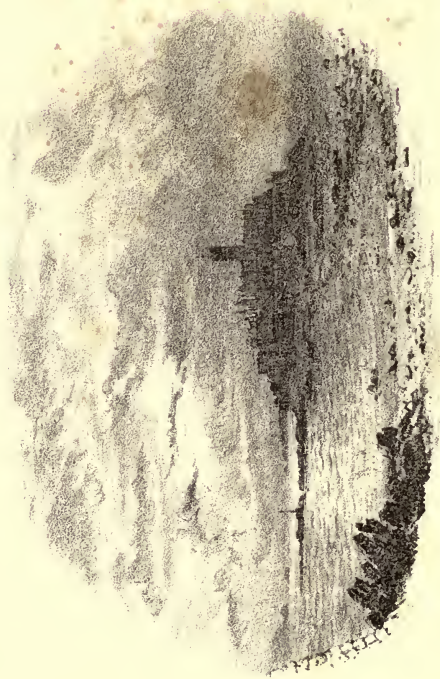
M & N HANHART, IMPR

CASTLE CORNET, GUERNSEY.

G. S. REYNOLDS, DEL.







G. S. REYNOLDS. DELT

M. & N. HANHART. IMPR

CASTLE CORNET, — GUERNSEY

CASTLE CORNET.

THE CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND ESCAPE OF MESSRS.
CAREY, DE BEAUVOIR, AND DE HAVILLAND.

AN HISTORICAL TRADITION OF GUERNSEY.

Part I.—The Capture.

WHEN England long oppress'd had lain beneath
a despot's sway,

And patience, which had long been tried, to anarchy
gave way,

The patriot sons of Sarnia's Isle espous'd the people's
right,

While Osborne, then their Governor, in Charles's
cause would fight.

A lengthen'd contest thence ensued, with various
fortunes fraught ;

The Castle Cornet long was held, in service of the
Court :

'Mid cannon's roar did Osborne seek the natives to
convince,

They, for a Parliament, should ne'er desert a lawful
prince.

But such like arguments as these, the Guernseymen
deny,

And all attempts at compromise most stoutly did
defy ;

Till one resolv'd, who had of late deserted to the
King,

Three of the chiefs, to Osborne's care, by stratagem
to bring.

Bowden, to serve the Parliament, had long the seas
explor'd,

But sudden chang'd his policy, and join'd his sovereign
lord :

At Dartmouth he Prince Maurice met, and with
him fram'd his plan,

Anxious, though late, to prove himself a thorough
loyal man.

Quickly for Guernsey he set sail, and in the road-
stead lay,

And sent his coxswain, with a boat, to Fermain's
lovely bay.

The good lieutenant-governor, who bore the Russell's
name,

With all his goodly company, to meet the party
came.

The coxswain, to these officers, a letter did present,

Requesting them on board to come, to serve the
Parliament ;

He, though too ill to leave the ship, (the captain
did aver,)

With them, on themes of grave import, was anxious
to confer.

Now Sippins was a gallant soul, as ever put to
sea ;

To go on board the George was none esteem'd more
fit than he :

He, with the coxswain, ventur'd forth, of England's
state to learn,

While those on shore, impatiently, awaited his
return.

Russell most plain instructions had by him to
Bowden sent,

The landing of some secret stores for Osborne, to
prevent.

A vessel, which had lately sail'd from Weymouth's
distant port,

Was known, beyond the reach of guns, to be to
anchor brought.

Ah ! little did the captain dream of traitorous
design,

But Bowden, when he came, did him a pris'ner close
confine :

It vex'd the traitor sore, to be thus cheated of his
prey ;

He therefore mann'd his boat, and sent once more
to Fermain bay.

To Russell's private residence the coxswain did
proceed,

Where Carey, and De Beauvoir too, men true, and
good at need,

Were, by his hospitality, that day constrain'd to
dine ;

Nor thought they aught of treachery, while seated
at their wine.

A second letter Bowden sent, enforcing his
request,

That they should meet in conference, to fix on what
was best ;

The royal vessel, easily, he would engage to
take,

And hop'd, that now no longer they would vain
excuses make.

Much consultation pass'd, and 'twas agreed that they
were still,

The duties of their sacred trust most anxious to
fulfil.

De Havilland had join'd the two, and bravely then
spake he,

“Sirs, be the danger what it may, from duty we'll
not flee.”

They, while the winding path they took, that leads
to sweet Fermain,

Some vague ideas of treachery began to entertain ;

They thought it strange that Bowden still refus'd
to come on shore,

And marvell'd much that Sippins had return'd to
them no more.

De Beauvoir did their doubts remove, averring that
he knew,

Far better than the others, both the captain and
his crew ;

Devotion to the people's cause they always had
profess'd,

And in their honour he believ'd they might with
safety rest.

Their fears allay'd, a boat they took, which to the
Isle pertain'd,

And, favour'd by the tide, full soon the George's
side they gain'd :

These faithful three the traitor did with open arms
receive,

And brought them to the cabin, where—could you
the fact believe?—

Two other naval captains, to their great surprise,
they find,

And the commissions which they held were by
Prince Maurice sign'd,

Commanding them, by any means which they should
deem most fit,

To cause the Island to the King most humbly to
submit.

These captains all persuasives tried, the deputies
to gain,

But, their fidelity to shake, their efforts all were
vain ;

For not on slender grounds did they the Parliament
defend,

And on the justice of their cause they would for
aye depend.

In spite of this, they treated them with all attention
due :

When night, o'er all the scenes of earth, her sable
mantle drew,

One of the captains twain to board the Weymouth
vessel went,

Intending to inform the crew of his conceal'd
intent.

But, deeming him an enemy, in this his efforts
fail'd ;

They weigh'd her anchor instantly, and for St. Malo
sail'd.

Returning from this vain attempt, he 'mid the dark-
ness spied

A boat, from Castle Cornet sent, approach the
George's side.

But back 'twas order'd to return, lest it should
 'gender fear,

And Bowden then determin'd for fair Jersey's Isle
 to steer ;

The servants of the Parliament he hop'd with guile
 to take,

And, with the Guernsey deputies, his pris'ners close
 to make.

But Russell, sure of treachery to Carey and his
 friends,

To Jersey, and St. Malo, both, the voice of warning
 sends ;

So, finding that his former friends had heard of his
 foul play,

The wily captain tack'd about, and steer'd another
 way.

The George to Guernsey quick return'd, a snow
white flag at stern,

Which, as the badge of royalty, the learned might
discern.

She anchor'd where the Castle guns could from the
foe protect,

And to Sir Peter Osborne was her boat despatch'd
direct.

Quoth Bowden, by his messenger, "Three pris'ners
here I bring ;

"Do with them as you list, for they are traitors to
their King."

And, after sunset, he repair'd, with Simpson in his
train,

Instructions from the Governor, on this behalf, to
gain.

Sir Peter well intreated them, but gave them strict
command,

That they should see the pris'ners safe committed to
his hand ;

For when 'twas known that they within the fortress
were confin'd,

'Twould be the very likeliest means to change the
people's mind.

Next morning came,—the boat, well mann'd, unto
the George was sent,

And, all attempts at their escape the better to
prevent,

It was arrang'd that they should still await the
evening chime,

For deeds of darkness such as these 'twas deem'd
the fittest time.

'Twixt nine and ten did they embark, one Chamberlain their guide,

And stealthily they landed on the Castle's eastern side.

To reach the ramparts, they were forced a ladder to ascend,

At top of which, the porter did with men at arms attend.

And thus these brave and faithful souls by subtlety were caught;

Before the wrathful Governor full quickly they were brought.

A long imprisonment was now decreed their hapless fate,

Sad contrast to the festive scene they had enjoy'd so late.

Part II.—The Imprisonment.

Then, to a dungeon they were brought, a dungeon
damp and cold,

For there, thought he, my captives will be safely
kept in hold :

No sooner had they entered it, than they were
dripping wet ;

There, for the night, they all remain'd, no slumber
could they get.

And here, be sure, the pris'ners three did mournful
vigils keep,

Compell'd, though most reluctantly, to bid adieu to
sleep,

For certain noisome creatures them did sorely vex
and grieve,

Which, for the sake of ears polite, my verse shall
nameless leave.

St. Peter's clock, next morning, had scarce chim'd
the hour of two,

When Bowden did with Simpson come, their misery
to view ;

And, stung perhaps with late remorse, he cried, with
piteous face,

“Sirs ! do I really see you brought to such a woful
case ?”

Next day, (it lack'd an hour of noon,) they din'd on
sorry cheer,

Bacon and pease, two biscuits, and about a quart of
beer ;

It never, till this hapless day, had fallen to the
share

Of these good gentlemen to live on such plebeian
fare.

Some bales of moulder'd cotton in the room above
them lay,

The which, at two, were order'd to be taken quite
away ;

And thither were the three transferr'd, unto their
great relief,

For much they fear'd the time to pass, in solitary
grief.

Their jailor, with humanity, unusual to his
race,

Had left them twenty bundles, to afford a resting
place,

Which, wearied with long wakefulness, they spread
upon the ground,

And stretch'd themselves thereon, and soon were
lost in sleep profound.

Besides, two bolsters nicely stuff'd were added to
their store

Of comforts, which they much enjoy'd for full three
days and more ;

But then, Sir Peter, fearing they would ladders
make of rope,

He had their coverlids remov'd, lest they should
cherish hope.

Ere this, but little had they dream'd of flight from
durance vile,

But from this moment various plans the tedious
hours beguile ;

And though they yet were doom'd to wait for many
a dismal day,

They never lost the blessed thought of getting clean
away.

The Governor, within whose breast vindictive feelings
glow'd,

Not satisfied with holding them, a paltry spirit
show'd,

In choosing what their food should be, their nature
to sustain,

And thus their courage to subdue, he tried, but tried
in vain.

For dinner, on the Monday, two half-cook'd whittings
came,

A piece of frozen butter too, to relish with the
same ;

Two biscuits, and a quart of beer, the scanty fare
complete,

Which, for the untried felon now, would scarce be
counted meet.

The meal which was on Tuesday sent, untasted they
return'd ;

Stale pease, and rancid bacon, most indignantly
they spurn'd.

For supper, they on soup of pease were, as a dainty,
fed,

And did their usual quota too receive of beer and
bread.

Such was their wonted diet, but, when fourteen days
had pass'd,

Since first within those prison walls their hapless lot
was cast,

Sir Peter, e'en the luxury of table beer
denied ;

While Carey, from confinement close, was likely to
have died.

Daily, a pint of Gascony amongst the three was
given ;

Sometimes they brackish water drank, or else the
rain of heav'n ;

But this was mix'd with lime, for, from the land, a
cannon-ball

Into the cistern had propell'd a portion of the
wall.

Yet they, with this vile beverage, their raging thirst
did slake,

Intenser, from the salted food they were compell'd
to take ;

By this their health was sorely tried, and feebler
they became,

Which sunken eyes, and tott'ring gait, sufficiently
proclaim.

Carey, who, more than all the rest, was in a woful
plight,

A most pathetic note unto the Governor did
write,

Begging, that he no longer would a little beer
deny,

Who order'd that with ev'ry meal they should a pint
supply.

Part III.—The Escape.

They soon resolv'd (as who would not for blessed
freedom's sake

In such a case?) all risks to run, and every effort
make ;

And much regretted, that, when they at first had
been confin'd,

Ten packs of cotton to conceal, had never cross'd
their mind.

But soon they 'd reason to rejoice, for, when six days
had pass'd,

A box of flax, wherein they might their treasure
thus have cast,

Was emptied, and remov'd, and thus would have
betray'd their plan,—

So little what is really best is known to mortal
man!

Shortly, before their window sill, the porter placed,
alas!

A grating strong, through which they fear'd their
heads would never pass;

But, having its dimensions tried, they found, to their
relief,

That this no obstacle would prove to make their
bondage brief.

When this discovery they made, insatiable
desire

Their long-lost liberty to gain, did all their breasts
inspire.

In cutting through the floor with knives, on this one
object bent,

While one kept watch, the other two three hours
had daily spent.

Four days were they employed thus, nor did the
scheme reveal

(So neatly were the boards replac'd) to him who
brought their meal ;

And boring through the plastering, they made suffi-
cient breach

To find the cotton they requir'd was quite within
their reach.

Then, to a slip of deal attach'd, a tenter-hook they
threw,

And, by the op'ning they had made, full fifteen
bundles drew,

Which having, underneath their beds, securely hid
from sight,

They waited till their jailor stern had left them for
the night.

They then, with right good will, began each other
to assist,

The soundest of the cotton into three strong ropes
to twist ;

The first, to reach the dungeon's base, was twenty
fathoms long,—

'Twas in three coils, and, testing it, they found it
passing strong.

The other two, of fathoms ten, the first and second
wall

Were to assist them to descend, lest haply they
might fall.

When these were finish'd, aid divine they earnestly
implor'd,

“From these, our deadly enemies, deliver us, good
Lord !”

They now prepar'd to enter on their hazardous
emprize,

But found, to their discomfiture, the tide began to
rise ;

Besides, they saw the sentinels, stern watchmen of
the night,

And all the sky around was clear, the stars were
shining bright.

So, having first the ropes conceal'd, they all retir'd
to rest,

Though fears that some might miss the packs of
cotton fill'd their breast ;

But Providence, who o'er them watch'd, had other-
wise decreed,

And smiling hope still whisper'd them, that they
would soon succeed.

Not more propitious to their plan the morrow's eve
was found,

For, 'mid the stilly atmosphere, was heard the slightest
sound ;

The lamps of heav'n, in myriads, bestud the azure
sky,

And thus all chance of their escape the elements
deny.

But after many a weary day, a dark and stormy
night

Appear'd, as if on purpose made, to aid them in their
flight ;

Impatiently they now began a ladder to
prepare,

Nor dream'd that disappointment still would be
their hapless share.

When lo ! the porter suddenly the slumb'ring soldiers
woke,

While sadly, on the captives' ears, the startling
summons broke :—

“Soldiers ! beneath yon dungeon's walls your watchful
station keep,

“And death shall be your punishment, if at your post
you sleep.”

'Twas thought that, by De Saum'rez led, there would
arrive that night

Two royal vessels, bravely mann'd, against the Isle
to fight ;

Not till the morrow's sun arose, they proudly danc'd
the wave,

When all the troops, with one consent, a joyous
welcome gave.

De Beauvoir then propos'd to try the castle's lower
gate,

But, when they on its perils thought, they deem'd it
best to wait ;

Yet soon resolv'd, for freedom's sake, whatever might
betide,

That, though so hazardous, should all expedients be
tried.

Quickly, from underneath their beds, the ropes the
captives drew,

And, through the aperture they'd made, the floor they
glided through,

And, having reach'd the lower room, they, list'ning,
heard the sound

Of soldiers, pacing to and fro, the dreary spot
around.

Just when, from old St. Peter's tow'r, had chim'd
the vesper bell,

While, on the ear, its solemn tones in dying cadence
fell,

De Havilland, whose early days in manly sports were
spent,

Seiz'd on an iron bar, with which the pond'rous lock
he bent.

Now, first De Beauvoir issued forth, the neighbour-
hood to view,

While grateful on his fever'd brow the fresh'ning
sea-breeze blew ;

By Carey's tow'r he cautiously was looking o'er the
wall,

When, lo ! their keeper's form appear'd,—he heard
his footsteps fall.

Well knowing what the consequence would be, if
they should meet,

'Twas thought most prudent to their room a season
to retreat ;

But fifteen minutes scarce had pass'd ere they set
forth again,

And now, though perils did await, no more they tried
in vain.

Right joyfully the pris'ners ran, of their deliv'rance
sure,

And to a gun which fronts the west, their rope they
made secure ;

De Beauvoir first descended it, but saw, to his
dismay,

Three soldiers, who on guard were plac'd, who would
obstruct the way.

De Beauvoir, and De Havilland, both wish'd again
to hide,

But Carey urg'd to venture round the tower's southern
side ;

From hence, the first and second wall, unnotic'd, they
descend,

So watchfully did Providence on all their steps
attend.

The soldiers, who were doubtless tir'd of pacing to
and fro,

Into a smoking-room, hard by, had just resolv'd to
go.

Unchalleng'd thus, along the shore, with joyful haste
they ran,

When Chamberlain, who brought them first, had
almost marr'd their plan.

He, at the Castle's narrowest pass, their movements
did espy,

And instant sounded an alarm, "Fire, fire, the
pris'ners fly!"

The cannons were forthwith discharg'd, with grape
shot, and with ball,

Which thick, though harmlessly, around the fugitives
did fall.

Slowly, across the swampy plain, left by the ebbing
tide,

They started for the southern pier, from Cornet's
western side ;

They gain'd the steps ;—the welcome news soon
reach'd the house of pray'r,

And all the people issued forth, the gen'ral joy to
share.

And thus were these brave gentlemen, so useful to
the state,

Deliver'd from the Governor's most unrelenting
hate ;

For He, to whom they ever had committed all their
ways,

In their defence wrought wondrously ;—to Him be
all the praise !

ST. MAGLORIUS AND THE DRUIDS.

A LEGEND OF JERSEY.

ERE Christianity's effulgent light
Had chas'd the darkness of the Pagan night,
When Druid altars yet the Isles defil'd,
And souls in bondage groan'd while Nature smil'd ;
A rev'rend Priest, Maglorius by name,
From Gallia's neighb'ring shore to Jersey came.
Of Erin's Isle was he ; the Gauls could speak
No more of Irish than his Rev'rence Greek.
By this annoy'd, and having understood
That there existed, in the neighbourhood,

An Island, which th' Atlantic waters lave,
And which, to Albion's king, allegiance gave,—
Quoth he, "I'll e'en to this retreat repair,
"For anyhow there's English spoken there."
So, wand'ring all alone hard by the sea,
Thus, to a brace of fishermen, spake he:—
"My worthy friends, to yonder Isle genteel
"Convey me over for your spirits' weal;
"For though on charity I have to live,
"The blessing of a Priest is mine to give."
Though not a word the honest seamen knew
Of what he said, just inference they drew;
By nods, and winks, and sundry gestures taught,
They took him safely to the land he sought.
Amongst the rocks, with seaweed cover'd o'er,
The tide forbidding them to reach the shore,
His feet first press'd the Cæsarean soil,
And gave the men his blessing for their toil;

With this they were, or seem'd, well satisfied,
And back again to France they quickly hied.

Now, 'twixt those rocks, if speaks my legend true,
And Jersey's verdant plains, though full in view,
Such space remain'd, his Reverence thought fit,
After his voyage, there to rest a bit ;

Vain hope ! the rocks were sharpen'd at the tips,
And down their seaweed cov'ring oft he slips.

While he stood musing in this piteous plight,
He heard a sound which fill'd him with affright ;
And turning round, yet more amaz'd, he saw

What petrified his inmost soul with awe—

A giant form, in height some twenty feet,

Lifting his head, and scanning his retreat.

Straight to the rocks, with wondrous strides, he came,
With open mouth, and eyes that seem'd on flame.

These, with the club he bore,—a naked oak,—
Extremely impolite intentions spoke.

Expecting nought but death, if nothing worse,
Maglorius utter'd thus his with'ring curse:—

“Now at your door may grass for ever grow!”

Then cross'd himself, devoutly bending low.

The sacred symbol did his ire subdue,

His pond'rous baton down the monster threw,

And now, in Irish of the very best,

He courteously the stranger thus address'd:—

“Welcome, Sir Priest! the Druids, murth'ers all,

“(May ev'ry ill their heathen race befall!)

“So many Christian priests have slain and eaten,

“While others they so merciless have beaten,

“Let me destroy as many as I will,

“To root them out exceeds my utmost skill;

“Just Heav'n has therefore, as it seems to me,

“To lend me aid, convey'd you o'er the sea.”

So saying, in his arms the saint he bore
Into a field contiguous to the shore ;
A step or two suffic'd this move to make,
Such mighty strides did his conductor take.
Meanwhile he thought, but nothing said from fear,
“ Certes, 'tis monstrous aisy trav'ling here ! ”
The giant plac'd Maglorius on the ground,
Who gasp'd for breath, and look'd bewilder'd round,
In time to see his huge conductor's form
Inland receding fast ; when lo ! a storm
Th' astonish'd Father heard of wailing cries,
From all the north and east of Jersey rise.
Then all was silent as the grave once more.
Now looking sharp about, still musing o'er
What wonder the next moment might reveal,
He saw from clumps of oak and hedges steal
Twelve ancient men, save one, whose robes of snow,
And sylvan crowns, their Druid priesthood show.

Much doubting their design, our saint again
Began to bless and cross his brow amain ;
Then to his best of friends, himself, quoth he,
“ ’Tis Druid’s meat that you’re design’d to be ;
“ But first they needs must kill me, anyhow,
“ Which they no easy task shall find, I vow.”
As when, ’mid jungles wild, by Ganges’ stream,
The trav’ller sees two fiery eyeballs gleam
From some fierce tiger, crouching for his prey,
And wildly shouts to drive the beast away,—
E’en so Maglorius, with sudden spring,
Utter’d a cry that made the welkin ring.
Nor sword, nor murd’rous baton, did he bear,
For Priests should ne’er such carnal weapons wear ;
But, taking a position of defence,
He dar’d the infidels to drive him thence.
But no uneasiness need he have felt,
All trembling, at his feet they humbly knelt ;

With tears and groans, with reverence and awe,
Utter'd their prayers, and kiss'd the cross he bore.
Now what they said might all be just and good,
But not a word Maglorius understood.
In this extreme, he tried that ancient tongue
In which Virgilius so sweetly sung ;
Or Tullius, while admiring thousands heard,
The Romans oft to deeds of prowess stirr'd ;
By Cæsar to his fav'rite Island brought,
And to its semibarb'rous natives taught.
“Can't ye speak Latin?” sage Maglorius cried ;
In Latin quick the Druid priests replied ;
Then made confession of their errors past,
And the dark shadows o'er their future cast ;
Told of the Christian priests their hands had slain,
And wept that nought could cleanse that crimson stain ;
Narrated how that monster huge was sent,
By some high pow'r, for their just punishment ;

And how such vengeance had the giant ta'en,
That few indeed of Druid race remain.
Thought he, "'Tis well," but would not silence break,
Nor could he say so for politeness' sake ;
Yet when, at length, their wishes he inquir'd,
Deliv'rance from the monster they desir'd,
And promis'd, all unask'd, if this were done,
'They'd turn good Christian clergy ev'ry one.
"Good," cried Maglorius, then a moment thought :
"Now let a dozen spades at once be brought."
Promptly the Druids his command obey'd ;
A holy cross adorn'd the Father's spade.
At once the saint began to move the turf,
At times invaded by the spring-tide surf ;
Resolv'd, in this good work, to do his part,
And what force could not, to effect by art.
"Now dig, ye heathen dogs !" Maglorius cried ;
They understood, and ev'ry sinew plied.

They dug all day, nor ceas'd their toil at night ;
And when, from Ocean's bed, Aurora bright,
With roseate hues, arose to banish sleep,
She look'd upon a pit so wondrous deep,
It scarcely seem'd as if one cheering ray
To its remotest depths could find its way.
This task accomplish'd, as the Father bade,
Long sticks of osier were transversely laid,
On which the saint himself, with caution, plac'd
The velvet sod which erst the pasture grac'd ;
Indeed, with such exactness 'twas restor'd,
The keenest sight deceit or fraud ignor'd.

Now, though with pow'rs miraculous endow'd,
Exhausted nature's claims the priest allow'd,
And urg'd the Druids, with a plenteous store,
Their faithful friend to follow to the shore.

There, on a rock deserted by the tide,
Maglorius sat, the portions to divide ;
The while the heathens, with averted head,
Look to the north, half paralyz'd with dread.
But ere or bit, or drop, their lips had press'd,
They heard an awful roaring in the west,
And soon the Druids saw, in dire dismay,
The hated monster making rapid way ;
While, as he gaily tripp'd along the shore,
Two hapless Druids' heads he kick'd before.
Adown the rock the frighten'd Pagans roll'd,
At this most fearful sight, while Patrick, bold
In conscious innocence, sat undismay'd,
And dauntless intrepidity display'd.
“ Eating with heathens ! ”—with that cool address
Which, to this day, fair Erin's sons possess,—
He to the monster's challenge quick replies :
“ No, but these Pagan dogs, who would be wise,

“Have dar’d your Highness’ prowess to blaspheme,
“And swear that, pow’rful as your shoulders seem,
“They’ll bet me half the Isle, should you essay
“This rock to carry in your arms away
“To yonder hill, Verclut by heathens call’d,
“Your strength would fail.” By this his pride was gall’d,
And, scatt’ring right and left the priests profane,
He lifted up the rock in high disdain,
And, dandled in his arms, with equal ease,
As mothers do their infant charge to please.
Then onward, at his wont, the giant strode
With speed scarce lessen’d by the mighty load.
Meanwhile, with agile step, Maglorius went
Across the field where he the night had spent,
And where conceal’d the dang’rous pitfall lay,
Inviting him to take the shortest way;
Well knowing, in that path, with greatest care,
No mortal could avoid the deadly snare.

“By the Welsh mountains, which in Ireland be,
“’Tis heavy, Father Patrick!” then quoth he;
“And when these heathens have their wager lost,
“Of my great labour they shall know the cost.”
So saying, to the shore his face he turn’d;
His frame with toil,—his breast with anger burn’d;
He saw the Druids following in his wake,
And, stepping back, a deadly aim to take,
To his confusion and surprise, he found
Himself descending fast beneath the ground.
Into the pitfall, made the night before,
The monster fell, and fell to rise no more;
While the huge rock, which he would fain have thrown,
Roll’d o’er his head, form’d his sepulchral stone.
A deaf’ning shout the neighb’ring hills rebound,
The quaking Pagans echo back the sound;
Yet with the Priest’s compar’d their voice no more
Than jackal’s howlings to the lion’s roar.

Maglorius then, as a thankoff'ring due,
A holy cross, and book, plac'd full in view.
A few faint struggles, and a long-drawn breath,
Rose from that tomb, and all was still as death.
The Druids knelt before the sacred sign,
Which long continued as a pilgrim's shrine,
Willing, and eager, now their oaks to leave,
And sober Christianity receive,
And linguists to become, by that same token,
By learning English, as in Ireland spoken.
And there that very rock still marks the dead—
Though since that period countless years have fled—
Which from the monster's arms that morning fell,
Remaining still, the wondrous tale to tell.



M. & N. HANWART, IMPR.

HAVRE GOSSELIN, - SERK.

G. S. REYNOLDS DEL.

THE

SMUGGLERS OF HAVRE GOSSELIN:

A LEGEND OF SERK.

HAIL, beauteous Serk! whose deep resounding caves
For ever echo with th' Atlantic waves,
Whose noble cliffs seem fain to reach the skies,
From whose dark side th' affrighted sea-bird flies.
Tremendous rocks, as if asunder riv'n
From their foundations, by the bolts of heav'n,
Along the shore in wild confusion lay,
Or span with Gothic arch some shelter'd bay.
And then, within, how peaceful is the scene!
What lovely vales repose the hills between!

Hills, where the purple heath, and brier-rose,
By nature nurs'd, in wild luxuriance grows.

Now pass we on to some secluded cot,
And view the tenants of the charming spot ;
But here, alas ! how little may we find
Which bears the impress of th' eternal mind,
Where, unenlighten'd by religion's ray,
All superstitions dark bear sov'reign sway ;
Or else, perchance, the fiercer passions low'r,
And, serpent-like, their inward peace devour.

Philip De Cart'ret once was brave and free,
A bold and skilful mariner was he :
From the first Seigneur his descent he trac'd,
And was with ev'ry manly virtue grac'd :

For he it was, knew better far than most,
To stem the currents of that dang'rous coast ;
None, with a steadier hand, the helm could guide,
Or mark, with keener eye, the varying tide.
His cottage, perch'd upon a rocky height,
Commands of Havre Gosselin a sight ;
A lovely bay, though then but little known,
The cliffs accessible by 'ropes alone.

Here Philip dwelt for many a happy year ;
Contentment did his daily labour cheer :
By tender wife, and only son, caress'd,
He deem'd himself, indeed, most fully bless'd.
And bless'd was he, till, on a luckless day,
Some reckless spirits turn'd his steps astray,
Seeking, with fiendlike malice, to ensnare
And blast the happiness they could not share.

The men of Serk their ceaseless labours ply
Midst stormy seas to catch the finny fry ;
And from the num'rous shoals thus daily caught,
To Sarnia's mart the choicest kinds are brought.
And now De Cart'ret there much longer stay'd
Than needful seem'd for purposes of trade.
'T was said that evil customs he had learn'd,
While patient industry was madly spurn'd.
No longer was his cheerful whistle heard
Scaring from heath'ry nest the timid bird ;
But gloomy, and reserv'd, he oft would roam,
And soon, almost a stranger, seem'd at home ;
Nor yet, unfrequently, would he resort,
Careless of duty, to St. Peter Port.
So long, indeed, his absence grew at length,
That evil rumours gain'd increasing strength.
No more he came his Judith's heart to cheer ;
Month after month no tidings could she hear,

Although her eyes almost with watching fail,
While, day and night, she sought his bright red sail;
And when a long, long year had pass'd alone,
She felt a widow, and her hope was gone.

But not unpitied did the mourner go :
Her neighbours unaffected kindness show ;
The garden flourish'd 'neath her skilful hand ;
The "vraic," with which she so enrich'd her land,
Was by the nearest cottar cut and stack'd,
And no supply the so-call'd widow lack'd ;
With her the peasants would their substance share
More cheerfully than those who best could spare.

Her little Helier was a gentle child,
Tall of his age, intelligent, and mild ;

In wild luxuriance, left to nature's care,
O'er his fine forehead curl'd his rich brown hair :
Deep lashes fring'd his eyes of softest blue ;
Slight was his frame ; his cheeks of pallid hue.
His chief companion was a little maid,
With whom o'er heath-clad hills he often stray'd ;
The lively girl was Marion Vaudin call'd,
Whose eyes of jet his very soul enthrall'd ;
Nor heeded she, for Helier's sake, the jeer,
Half jest, half earnest, she was doom'd to hear.

One ev'ning, when the boy was nine years old,
Judith had been her little flock to fold ;
Returning o'er the common, in the bay
A bark she notic'd which at anchor lay ;
She paus'd—it such a strong resemblance bore
To one she ventur'd to expect no more :

She almost hop'd, yet scarce believ'd it true,
Till, bounding o'er the fence, her Philip flew.
She car'd not now of his late haunts to ask,
Hers was the tender wife's more grateful task ;
Her long-lost husband joyful to receive,
She heeded not o'er sorrows past to grieve.

The neighbours throng'd to give him welcome meet,
With kind inquiries they the wand'rer greet ;
But, disappointed, found him ill inclin'd
To broach the secret to his breast confin'd ;
And this reserve impatiently they brook,
But Judith ne'er complain'd by word or look.
Philip abstracted now, and shy, was grown,
And seem'd intent on gath'ring pelf alone ;
Seldom he labour'd, or on sea or shore,
Yet still increasing comforts swell'd his store :

The ways and means none knew ; but crones admire,
And dark suspicions ev'ry breast inspire.
'T was whisper'd that this rest from toil by day
Serv'd but to fit him for the midnight fray :
A fisherman, in troth, had often seen
Philip with strangers leagued, of lawless mien,
While, in his honest occupation, he
Skimm'd by the cliffs that skirt the foaming sea.
One ancient dame declar'd she could descry
In Phil De Carteret the evil eye ;
That whensoever he her threshold cross'd
Her brain turn'd dizzy—she was almost lost ;
And often, to her knowledge, as he walk'd,
In a strange tongue, with mutt'ring tones he talk'd.
Symptoms like these suffic'd to fright them all,
And much their superstitious minds appal.
Soon then, in common talk, he came to be
A serf of his Satanic Majesty ;

And Havre Goss'lin,—such was its disgrace,—
Was shunn'd by many as an evil place.

De Cart'ret, conscious of this evil fame,
More abstract daily, and morose, became.
His wife and child most keenly felt the change,
His whole demeanour, fitful, harsh, and strange ;
His silence chill'd,—his orders made afraid ;
All intercourse with neighbours he forbade ;
And Helier, who a father's love should share,
Was deem'd a “chit,” not worth a father's care.

No common child was he, and, as he grew
In stature, he advanc'd in wisdom too.
Intelligent, and studious, soon he gain'd
Whate'er at parish school might be obtain'd.

The minister's approving eye was won,
Who, when the usual dull routine was done,
Free access gave to various books ; and now
Each day might he be seen, with thoughtful brow,
By the old pastor guided, to explore
Of ages past the intellectual store.
Bereft, alas ! of all domestic joy,
Sadder, and paler, grew the pensive boy ;
His parent he beheld both shunn'd and fear'd ;
E'en little Marion alarm'd appear'd,
When, o'er the heath, together they would stray,
Should his dark scowling figure cross their way.
Oft, when returning to his cheerless home,
As by some neighb'ring cottage he would roam,
He heard the merry peals of laughter sound
From happy groups, the table seated round,
While blaz'd aloft the faggot's cheerful light,—
With scalding tears he'd turn him from the sight.

His happiest hours were those with Marion pass'd,
Amongst the hills, when she aside would cast,
Wearied with play, her store of broken shells,
Or wild flowers gather'd from the leafy dells,
And listen long, with animated look,
To legends gather'd from some fav'rite book.
Sometimes would they the rugged cliff descend,
And, to some sea-wrought cave, their footsteps bend,
And there, with swelling hearts, their voices raise,
Joyful to sing their ev'ning hymn of praise,
Which, mingling with the music of the waves,
In murmurs died, amid the echoing caves.

Thus pass'd their childhood. Years had roll'd away,
When, near the close of a calm autumn day,
A little bark came bounding o'er the main,
And Helier sought his native Isle again.

Long had he travell'd, many sights had seen,
Since, from those sea-girt rocks, he'd absent been ;
But home ! sweet home ! there's magic in the sound !
What potent spells the sacred spot surround !
In paths of sin the prodigal may roam,
Without, perchance, one single thought of home ;
And, deaf to Reason's, and Religion's, voice,
In sensual pleasures, bid his soul rejoice ;
Let but this word be whisper'd in his ear,
That instant starts the penitential tear,
For there, in Mem'ry's glass, the wand'rer sees
The fair-hair'd prattlers on the mother's knees ;
While she, on strength divine depending, tries
Her infant charge to nurture for the skies.

Though often sorrowful had been his lot,
Yet Helier lov'd each well-remember'd spot.

There was the cave, where he with Marion sat,
Cheating the tedious hours with lively chat;
There was the meadow, where they often play'd,
The garden there, where his first footsteps stray'd;
The breakers' foam still dash'd against the shore,
And all the scene seem'd fresh as years before.
He grasp'd the pendant rope, and upward sprung,
As he was us'd to do when he was young.

On the tall cliff that overlooks the bay,
Illumin'd by the sun's departing ray,
Might Helier be seen, that eventide,
A dark-ey'd maiden trembling at his side,
And watching o'er the sea the ev'ning gale
Propitious swell the fisher's snow-white sail.
But chief was Marion's admiring gaze
Fix'd on the playmate of her childish days;

By high intelligence, and sterling worth,
Rais'd to a station far beyond his birth ;
Of fine proportions, elegant, and tall,
And gentle, and affectionate, withal.
After long years of absence, there was he,
Whisp'ring such hopes of bright futurity,
Such vows of love, so ardently renew'd,
As charm'd her heart, and ev'ry fear subdu'd.
The night stole on,—a calm and lovely night ;
The full-orb'd moon shed forth a silv'ry light
O'er all the scene ; the breeze had died away,
And scarce a ripple stirr'd the peaceful bay.

From Marion parted, o'er the old hearth-stone
Did Helier and his mother sit alone.
Much talk had they of scenes remember'd well,
And each had much to hear, and much to tell ;

And, ere the joyful mother bless'd her son,
That memorable day its course had run.
Night, oft refreshing, brought for him no rest,
Such strange emotions agitate his breast.
Resolv'd, at length, 'mid his old haunts to stray
By the still moonlight,—till the break of day,
By fancy led, he wander'd to the shore,
And long he listen'd to the billows' roar.
Indulging in a blissful waking dream,
Startled, he saw a light at distance gleam ;
Breathless, he watch'd to see from whence it came,—
No phantom this, it burnt a steady flame ;
And now, half lost in wonder, half in fear,
The sound of human voices met his ear.

Daring by nature, in a moment more
His unmoor'd boat was gliding from the shore ;

Determin'd each secluded nook to scan,
And penetrate the secret haunts of man.
Beneath the rocks, secreted in the dark,
At anchor lay a rakish-looking bark ;
But nought of life on board appear'd to stir,
Save the low growling of a watchful cur.
The cave he reach'd, borne onward by the tide,
The light within illum'd its sparry side.
Intense anxiety now fill'd his breast ;
He paus'd, with sense of coming ills oppress'd.
As he the cavern's furthest angle turn'd,
A smugglers' feast, by torchlight, he discern'd,
And, for the leader of that savage crew,
The son, to his dismay, his father knew.
Unnerv'd, the oar dropp'd from his pow'rless hand,
And, ere he could his scatter'd thoughts command,
He found himself amid the lawless band.

Amaz'd he stood : De Cart'ret, flush'd with wine,
His advent hail'd as matter of design ;
Claim'd for him in their midst the highest place,
And prais'd his courage and his manly grace.
Half stupified, to this they all agree,
And a replenish'd goblet taste with glee ;
Each half-cock'd pistol now was laid aside,
And Helier welcom'd with a comrade's pride.
“ Never, oh never ! let me hence depart,”
Cried he, appealing to a father's heart.
“ Fool ! 'tis too late,” De Cart'ret did reply ;
“ Tis yours to taste the proffer'd bowl, or die.
“ Away with canting tones,—come, Helier, come,
“ And drink success to those who gaily roam
“ In quest of plunder o'er the deep blue sea,
“ For sure no life is as the rover's free.
“ That gallant band you dread, I dare to say,
“ Who scare the gulls from Havre Goss'lin's bay,

“ And wonder much perchance, my son, at me,
“ Whom all our simple neighbours shun to see,
“ And fear not less, for, by my silence aw’d,
“ They thought me leagued with the Infernal Lord ;
“ And in a sense perchance the fools were right ;—
“ But, drink, boy, drink, and in our service fight.”
“ Father, I will not,” firm the youth replied ;
“ Than meet you here, I better far had died.
“ Oh save me, Father, from this horrid crew !”
And as he spoke with backward steps withdrew.
In vain,—the smugglers seiz’d him as before,
And twenty lifted dirks against him bore.
They brand him as a traitor or a spy,
And he must cast his lot with them, or die.
With these incarnate fiends he vainly pleads,
Till, for his son, De Cart’ret intercedes ;
He pledg’d himself their wishes to fulfil,
And left the cave to bend him to his will.

The fresh'ning air had cool'd young Helier's brow,
And he recall'd his scatter'd senses now ;

Long silence follow'd, which the young man broke,
While softly, and beseechingly, he spoke :—

“ Our home, dear Father, with your presence cheer ;

“ Since last we met, 'tis many a tedious year.

“ As I to-day regain'd my native shore,

“ I long'd to see you as in days of yore ;

“ Contented, in our peaceful cot to dwell,

“ What joy 'twould give us both, no tongue can tell.

“ Father, come back,—God cannot bless you here,—

“ And let oblivion seal this night of fear.”

“ Hold, Helier, hold !” the furious father cried ;

“ 'Tis your return, not mine, we must decide.

“ Should you refuse, I cannot save you now ;

“ Death to the traitor ! is the smuggler's vow.”

Once more did Helier speak in soothing strain,

But tried each mild persuasive all in vain.

When to the cave he still refus'd to go,
Th' excited father aim'd a sudden blow ;
The youth fell stunn'd, and deep beneath the wave,
'Midst sunken rocks, he found a wat'ry grave.

Meanwhile De Cart'ret cried, in wild alarm,
" Come back, my boy ! the blow design'd no harm."
But ah ! no voice responded to the call,
And sadly on his ear the echoes fall.
Wildly he shouts,—his comrades round him press,
Amaz'd to see his agony's excess.
He div'd beneath the flood, but all in vain,
For Helier's body ne'er was seen again.
The fainting man they to his cottage bore,
But soon he left it to return no more.
So perish'd he in all his manhood's prime,
Who sank so low in infamy and crime.
For Judith, nought remain'd but years of gloom,
But Marion's grief found refuge in the tomb.

GAULTIER DE LA SALLE.

AN HISTORICAL TRADITION OF GUERNSEY.

WHEN the First Edward over Albion reign'd,
Whose sword with Cambria's choicest blood was
stain'd—

Her valiant children proving all too strong,
Till, from the heights, were hurl'd the sons of song—
There rul'd o'er Sarnia's distant States, the while,
A Bailiff, long the tyrant of the Isle;
Of Gaultier de la Salle he bore the name,
And still in mem'ry lives his evil fame.
Not far from town he own'd a stately hall,
Which yet the Ville au Roi Estate they call;

And which, though now fast hast'ning to decay,
Strong impress bears of glories pass'd away.
Though he of wealth an ample store possess'd,
Benevolence was stranger to his breast ;
And, envious ever of his neighbours' weal,
To Pity's call his harden'd heart would steel.

Near to the Hall a humble cottage stood,
Its tenant blithe, industrious, and good ;
Massey his name, who long, with patient toil,
Had occupied the patrimonial soil ;
And, poor esteem'd, yet rich in spotless fame,
His fortune-favour'd neighbour put to shame.
He, to a well which at some distance lay,
O'er Gaultier's fields enjoy'd a right of way ;
This privilege the rich man took but ill,
And deep resentment did his bosom fill.

Poor Massey's overthrow intent to gain,
All legal means he tried,—but tried in vain.
At length a thought, of cruelty refin'd,
Most diabolical, possess'd his mind.
Our legend tells that, in this barb'rous time,
The slightest theft was deem'd a mortal crime;
So, having hid, a rick of wheat within,
Two silver cups, accus'd him of the sin.
Seiz'd, and imprison'd in a dungeon drear,
Yet inly comforted,—his conscience clear,—
Did Massey now a helpless captive lay,
Till many a weary week had pass'd away.

At length the time arriv'd to seal his fate,
A vast assemblage throng'd the Hall of State;
Th' accuser's rank, and station in the Court,
With the poor pris'ner's previous fair report,

More int'rest rais'd than any common cause
Brought in defence of violated laws.
All seem'd against the captive to conspire ;
'Twas fearful odds to rouse a Bailiff's ire,
And dauntless must they be who could withhold
Their prompt obedience from a Bailiff's gold.
To serve his purpose, nought the plaintiff scorn'd :
Two witnesses, by Gaultier suborn'd,
Declar'd, with all asseveration due,
The charge against the pris'ner to be true.
'Twere useless now his innocence to plead ;
His enemy, too surely, must succeed.
Yet who that knew the justice of the case
But would at once prefer the suff'rer's place ?
Now, through the Court, a breathless silence reign'd,
All seem'd, by feeling, to the spot enchain'd ;
The Jurats twelve prepare, with one accord,
The awful sentence duly to record.

But hark ! approaching footsteps now are heard,
The sentence, for a time, is straight deferr'd,
And ev'ry eye seeks wistfully the door ;—
Aloft, the long-lost cups a lab'rer bore—
“ They're found, they're found ! ” with breathless
 haste he cries,
'Mid universal murmurs of surprise.
And now, recover'd his exhausted strength,
This counter-evidence he gave at length ;
While stillness all pervades, as if of death,
And ev'ry Jurat seem'd to hold his breath :—
“ Messieurs, attend ; while we this morning bore,
“ Into the barn, the harvest's plenteous store,
“ And, right and left, the yellow sheaves divide,
“ These treasures, in the centre, we espied,
“ And, lest the guiltless should to death be brought,
“ We deem'd it best to hasten to the Court.”

“ Fool that thou art ! ” the furious Bailiff said,
“ Why hast thou thus my mandate disobey’d ?
“ Thou know’st full well I warn’d thee not to touch
“ That rick ; ”—he paus’d, for he had said too much.
But ’twas too late his language to recall,
For indignation murmur’d through the hall.
All eyes were on the guilty tyrant turn’d,
While in their looks his sentence he discern’d.
The Jurats soon pronounc’d the fearful doom,
Design’d on Massey’s guiltless head to come :
“ On gallows-tree, thou Bailiff false and base,
“ Shalt thou be hung, and die in foul disgrace.”
The sentence pass’d, the forfeit quick succeeds ;
An angry mob to execution leads ;
The trembling wretch, aw’d into penitence,
Humbly acknowledges his dark offence ;
While the just judgment on a tyrant’s rage
Leaves its sad warning to a distant age.





G. B. REYNOLDS, DEL.

M. J. N. HANPART, IMP.

LA HOUE BIÉ,--JERSEY,

LA HOUGUE BIE.

A LEGEND OF JERSEY.

IN days of yore, when many a valiant knight,
For “ladye fayre,” or public weal, would fight,
A rumour throughout Normandy was spread,
That a huge serpent fill’d this Isle with dread,
And did the Cæsareans so annoy,
Hambye resolv’d the monster to destroy ;
Hoping, by this exploit, to have his name
For aye recorded on the roll of Fame.
In vain did Cartera, his lovely bride,
Exert her eloquence to turn aside,

From this wild enterprise, her noble lord ;
Who vow'd, while he could wield his good broad sword,
Such devastations he would never brook ;
And, as it prov'd, a lasting farewell took
Of his fair dame, who saw, with bleeding heart,
With one attendant page her lord depart.
She watch'd his bark receding from the shore,
With streaming eyes, till she could see no more.
Then, to her secret bow'r, her steps she bends,
And him, in earnest pray'r, to Heav'n commends.

Meanwhile the knight, inur'd to val'rous deeds,
In his benevolent emprise succeeds :
He lands,—and soon the dreaded serpent slays,
But ne'er shall he enjoy the conqu'ror's bays.
His page, whom he so faithful had believ'd,
A passion for his mistress had conceiv'd ;

And o'er his princely master's fair domain
An envious eye had cast long time in vain.
"I'll slay him now," thought he, "his bones conceal,
"And dead men's lips no secret can reveal."
Thus, while exhausted by the fight he lay,
The faithless servant took his life away ;
The corpse he buried, and return'd once more,
With well-feign'd sorrow, to his native shore.

Meanwhile the lady woo'd each fav'ring breeze
To waft her absent hero o'er the seas.
Her castle, built upon a rocky height,
Of Jersey's northern shore commands a sight ;
And from its topmost turret oft would she
Impatient scan the intervening sea,
Oft wond'ring what should cause his long delay,—
Minutes seem'd hours, her dear Lord away,—

And when at length his snow-white sail she knew,
And streaming pennant, to the shore she flew,
Eager a loving welcome to bestow—
With strong emotion did her bosom glow.
Ah! sad reverse! The servant promptly said,
“ Know by this signet that thy Lord is dead!”
Then, and oft after, would the wretch relate
His much-lov'd master's simulated fate;—
How he was wounded by the serpent sore,
And cheerfully his dying witness bore
To his fidelity, and wish'd that he
Might by the Lady's hand rewarded be.
So far did this dissimulation go,
That she at length believ'd 'twas even so;
And when a reasonable time had fled
Since her dear Lord was number'd with the dead,
Complied with what she deem'd his last request,
And thus her constancy of love express'd.

The voice of conscience, hark ! how loud it speaks,
E'en through the stillness of the night it breaks ;
It haunts the sinner's dreams, nor with the light
Departs, but constantly before his sight
Presents his heinous crimes. No splendid fief,
Nor wealth increasing, gives that soul relief ;
And so did this most treach'rous servant find,
While secret deeds of blood oppress'd his mind.
His troubled thoughts, e'en while in slumbers bound,
By incoherent words, expression found :
“ Ah, miserable man ! ” he oft would say,
“ How could I ever dare my lord to slay ? ”
Wakeful the lady lay, depriv'd of rest ;
Sad thoughts of the departed fill'd her breast ;
She told him of each self-accusing word,
Which she, from his unconscious lips, had heard :
His guilty cheeks assum'd a pallid hue,
Stronger, and stronger, her suspicions grew,
And he at length confess'd 'twas all too true.

Soon, by the officers of justice seiz'd,
He with his life the injur'd law appeas'd.

Joyful from such a monster to escape,
A very fiend, indeed, in human shape,
She caus'd upon the consecrated mound,
Where Hambye's murder'd corpse sepulture found,
A chapel to the Virgin to be rear'd,
Which by the Jersey men is much rever'd,
Surmounted by a tow'r so wondrous high,
She from her castle could its top descry.
Here costly off'rings to the shrine were brought;
And by the superstitious it was thought,
(Such frequent visits did the dame bestow,)
The Virgin deign'd herself at times to show;
And many a parting spirit, ere it fled,
For its clay tenement, here sought a bed.

Still does this monument of love remain,
Nor may it crumble into dust again,
Till Cæsarea's self shall cease to be
A little gem, set in the deep blue sea!

THE DOMAILLERIE.

A LEGEND OF GUERNSEY.

BENEATH the shadow of an ancient wood,
Some years ago, a lonely cottage stood ;
Of which, and of the neighb'ring Holy Well,
A strange, mysterious tale, the peasants tell.
That cottage now the traveller will find
A ruin'd heap, with ivy bands entwin'd.
A fence of poplars did the garden bound,
And tangled evergreens well fenc'd it round
From vulgar gaze, although, with searching eye,
The natives sought its tenants to descry.

An antique stranger,—Margery by name,—
There made her sojourn, but from whence she came,
Or why preferr'd in Sarnia's Isle to dwell,
Was more than all the gossip's art could tell.
Her tall, forbidding, form, her neighbours saw
With mingled curiosity and awe ;
From 'neath a bonnet, marvellously shap'd,
Fierce glances oft, from her dark eyes, escap'd.
Long raven tresses, grizzled o'er with time,
Suggested Andalusia's sunny clime
Her place of birth ; but, as was said before,
The neighbours only could surmise,—no more.
The language was to her an unknown tongue,
While yet, in foreign strains, she sometimes sung.

When first she reach'd this hospitable shore,
She might have pass'd some fifty years or more.
Her sole companion was a little child,
Whose prattle oft her solitude beguil'd ;

Her grandchild was she call'd,—of fairy form,
Tow'rds whom alone the woman's heart was warm ;
Nor was this love less ardently return'd :
The child all infantile amusements spurn'd,
Contented with the matron to abide,
And willing all the world to leave beside.
Since none their threshold cross'd by night or day,
'Twere vain to guess, and rasher still to say,
How they subsisted ; but 'twas sagely thought,
Since the strange woman no employment sought,
And Effie flourish'd on the very best,
That doubtless they a secret store possess'd.
Though curiosity in vain essay'd
Their self-impos'd retirement to invade,
Whether, assembled on the fern-spread couch,*
They sit, or round the Christmas embers crouch,

* Lit de fouaille—the green bed—a rural sofa, common in every Guernsey house ; composed of the green leaves of the fern in summer, and dried pea-stalks in winter.

St. Mary's gossips, various plans, devise,
To turn to certainty each shrewd surmise ;
In vain,—for Marg'ry's looks approach repel,
Alarm the timid, and the boldest quell.

Full sixteen years, at length, had roll'd away,—
Her raven locks had chang'd their hue to grey,
While Effie, grown both beautiful and good,
Was passing into earliest womanhood.
Old Time with her had dealt more tenderly,
Moulding her form to loveliest symmetry ;
He had but mellow'd her complexion fair,
More deeply cluster'd her fine flaxen hair
Over her neck and shoulders ; and the while
Around her lips aye play'd a sunny smile.
Sure greater contrast never was display'd,
Than 'twixt the Sibyl and the charming maid :

One bold, and haughty, to a high degree,
The other clad with sweet humility ;
The dame, by stern misanthropy possess'd,
While kind affections fill'd the virgin's breast ;
And though companions never had she made,
Yet, in her wand'rings through the greenwood shade,
Her few, kind words, express'd in gentlest tone,
Made each a neighbour, and all hearts her own.
Effie was pitied, and almost ador'd,
While Margery was dreaded, and abhorr'd.
A fig-tree flourish'd near the cottage door,
Though there, alas ! it flourishes no more ;
And 'twas a charming sight at eventide,
When idle schoolboys watch'd and gossips pried,
To see the couple seated side by side :
One arm the dame, caressingly, would place
Around the maiden, fraught with youthful grace ;
While, with the other, she a pond'rous tome
Supported, borne from their far distant home ;

And she would read therein,—by turns again
Striving its hidden meaning to explain
To her fair listener, whose roseate cheek,
And beaming eyes, intelligence bespeak ;
While on the ear arose, as day grew dim,
Wild, plaintive notes, of Effie's ev'ning hymn.

A change came o'er the scene ;—and now no more
That sweet retreat is sacred as before.
Another voice was heard within the cot,
And Mary's Well became a trysting spot.
One told how mantled figures there appear,
While list'ners shudder at the tale they hear.
A stranger, once, with Effie had been seen ;
All wonder'd what the interview could mean.
By day no trace of him could be obtain'd,
And months roll'd on,—the myst'ry unexplain'd,—

Till one still autumn night, so 'tis averr'd,
One long, loud, piercing shriek a peasant heard,
As through the wood his homeward course he took ;
His stalwart limbs their wonted strength forsook.
The morning came ; he hasten'd to the spot,
And never was the mournful scene forgot :
Beside the well, old Margery was found
On a white stone, which marks the sacred bound ;
Her hands were clasp'd, her wild, and tearless, eyes
Struck each beholder with a sad surprise.
Her cloak half doff'd, her hair, of snowy white,
Hung loosely o'er her shoulders,—piteous sight !
They spoke,—she heeded not ; they call'd her name,
But no responses from the mourner came.
They ask'd for Effie ; at that well-known sound,
The stricken creature look'd bewilder'd round ;
Then instant shrunk convulsively away,—
Once recogniz'd, she could no longer stay,

But murm'ring sadly, "Lost—love—Effie—lost!"
Her sinewy arms, aloft, she madly toss'd;
Rush'd to her home, and "Effie" loudly call'd—
Chain'd to the spot the peasants stood appall'd.
No more they saw, till, when the morn arose,
A figure, leaning as in deep repose,
Was notic'd, and the neighbours, though in fear,
Approach'd the spectre, nearer, and more near.
One arm around the sacred stone was cast,—
A mantle's folds the other clutching fast,
A well-known face, which none could e'er mistake,
Almost conceal'd. When they, for kindness' sake,
Accosted her, and gladly had consol'd,
'Twas all too late; that form had long been cold,
Whose pow'rless hands the mantle held no more;
That heart was broken, and its pulse was o'er.
Those flashing eyes were fix'd, and glassy, now;
Death's icy fingers marbled o'er her brow.

A haughty spirit, blighted ere its fall,
In life avoided,—pitied now by all.

The peasants, sadly, to the cottage bore
Her stiffen'd corpse ; and on the well-swept floor
A table stood before an old arm-chair,
And there was laid that ancient volume rare,
Within whose pages was a writing plac'd,
With “ Lay me where you find me,” neatly trac'd,
As doubtless this, to her decease, referr'd,
Beneath the sacred stone she was interr'd ;
And numbers, mourning her unhappy end,
Her fun'ral rites religiously attend.

In perfect order was the cottage found ;
But myst'ry still did Effie's fate surround ;
For nought, within the dwelling, met their view,
Of late events, to give the slightest clue.

Perchance, a heap of ashes might contain
The fatal truth, which now was sought in vain.
But articles of clothing—none were there ;
The house was silent, and the wardrobe bare.
Strange omens these, of some dark deeds behind,
By terror heighten'd in the public mind.
Hence, e'en stout-hearted peasants hush'd their song,
Hereafter, as they pass'd the woods along.
They view'd, with tim'rous glance, St. Mary's Well,
And, shunn'd by all, the cottage quickly fell.
'Tis said that now, at certain hours, is seen
A figure tall, against that stone, to lean ;
With muffled cloak, and all with streaming hair,
Poor Marg'ry's troubled ghost, still wand'ring there ;
While sounds unearthly, (so the hinds account,)
Frequent proceed from out the sacred fount.
None now, to draw its haunted waters, go,
Nor dare to pluck the flowers, that near it grow.





G. S. REYNOLDS DEL.

M. A. N. HANHART. IMPR.

ST. GEORGES WELL,--GUERNSEY.

ST. GEORGE'S WELL.

A LEGEND OF GUERNSEY.

ONCE on a time, in Sarnia's Isle, so ancient legends
tell,

Hard by the spot, where gurgles up the fam'd St.
George's Well,

The patron saints of Ireland, and England, chanced
to meet,

And there, as saints like them should do, each did
the other greet.

“ Now, by the pow’rs !” St. Patrick cried, and
tipp’d his friend a smile,

“ Brother, the sun sure never shone upon a *purtier*
isle ;

“ If not so far from Ireland, a station fine t’would
make,

“ To which my loving subjects oft, might pilgrimages
make.

“ But I’ll be *spaking* of the thing, I’ll try, at *ony*
rate,

“ To *sittle* down a few good monks upon this fair
estate.”

“ Not quite so fast, good brother !” did St. George
impatient cry,

“ The place is well enough, but here, you’ve no
more right than I.

“ Our claims are equal, do you see ! ”—quoth Patrick,

“ Not a bit ;

“ Pray is it not an island, man ? ”—quoth George,

“ Well, what of it ? ”

“ Why, *thin*, I ’m king of Ireland,” quoth Pat,

“ and by that token,

“ I ’m of all isles the patron saint ”—was e’er such
logic spoken ?—

“ And Ireland is an island sure,—God’s blessing on
it rest ! ”

“ Nor less is England,” cried St. George, “ of which
I stand possess’d.”

“ Sorrow a bit ! your learning you’ve forgotten, I’m
afraid ;

“ ’Tis join’d to Scotland, sure ; and thus, a continent
’tis made.”

“ Well, be it continent or isle,” quoth George, who,
waxing warm,

And clenching firm his good broad-sword, betray’d
a gathering storm,

(More skilful he in use of arms, than books, to his
disgrace,)

“ You have no earthly right, I vow, or title to the
place.”

Now saintly smiles had chang’d to frowns, and words
of peace to fight

Had turn’d, but for the counsel sage of the good
shamrock knight.

“ Och ! be it neither thine nor mine,” did wily Pat
exclaim ;

“ Let’s part in *pace*, our blessings *lave*, and go the
way we came.

“ For sure ’t would be a burning shame, nay more,
a crying sin,

“ For champions of the faith to fight, this *peaceful*
isle within.”

So saying, he his pilgrim staff, propheticall did
wave,

And, signing with the cross, he thus his saintly
blessing gave ;—

“ While herbs shall grow, and stately trees well clad
with verdure stand,

“ No pois’nous reptile shall be found within this
favour’d land.”

And, if report speak true, it seems from immemorial
time

No bloated toad has e’er been known to taint the
healthful clime.

Then rose St. George, and smote a stream which near
the spot did run,

And up it sprang, a fountain pure, 'all glist'ning in
the sun.

“ These streams, while undefil'd they flow, shall
healing virtue give,

“ And those who drink believingly shall length of
days receive.

“ They, to the owners of this spot, shall prove a
blessing rare,

“ Their bread be sure, and, bless'd themselves, shall
never want an heir.”

They left, and after many a year, and many a weary
day,

The tale, from memory of men, had almost pass'd
away.

It chanc'd the lord of this estate possess'd an only
son,

Who by his fond, endearing, wiles, his parents' hearts
had won :

Six summers' suns shone brightly o'er this child
surpassing fair,

Both beautiful, and bold, and bless'd with mental
talents rare.

The boy a feather'd songster own'd, in western islands
caught,

Who oft, though unavailingly, its liberty had
sought :

But on a luckless morning, when the child to feed
him went,

Forth from his open cage he flew, on full enlargement
bent.

Instant he sought the copse-wood shade, and hopp'd
from tree to tree,

And, as a denizen of air, rejoicing to be
free.

Andros, in terror, and dismay, the fugitive pursued,

Who, not to be again confin'd, did all his wiles
elude.

But when the wand'rer wing'd its way, straight to the
Holy Well,

And seem'd to plunge beneath the flood, his anguish
who can tell?

With eager, breathless, haste he sought the consecrated
stream,

And saw his fav'rite's form display'd, by Sol's meridian
beam.

To save him from a wat'ry grave, without a moment's
thought,

The boy bent forward recklessly, and at the shadow
caught.

Now sure that fate must be his own—that only son
must die!—

Ah, no ! St. George watch'd o'er him then, St. George's
help was nigh.

A rushing sound arrested him—the glorious knight
was seen

That moment, on his charger fleet, amid the copse-
wood green.

Rejoic'd was he to see the bird, by the same pow'r
restrain'd ;

'Twas singing on the Holy Cross, a willing captive
gain'd.

Long may that fount untainted be, as is its owner's
fame,

And unborn heirs perpetuate his honours and his
name.

All hail, St. George ! the fam'd St. George, who
interpos'd to save

The house of Guille from mourning o'er their darling's
early grave.

NOTES.

THE BATTLE OF MONT DE LA VILLE—THE WHITE HORSE —AND THE LADY OF ST. OUEN.

As the localities, as well as the characters, referred to in these Poems, are the same, we have thought it desirable to offer a few explanatory remarks on the times, the persons, and the places, so far as they are not sufficiently elucidated by the poems themselves. The first and second refer to that troublous period in our history, when Margaret of Anjou, the intriguing Queen of Henry VI., had treated with Sir Pierre de Brézé, Comte de Maulevrier et de la Surenne, a Norman nobleman, for the cession of the Channel Islands to him and his heirs for ever, to be held independently of the English Crown, on condition of his making a descent upon England, in defence of the Lancastrian cause, the fortunes of which had been rendered desperate by the recent victory of Edward IV. on the field of Hexham ; and he had by treachery obtained temporary possession of Mont Orgueil Castle. The mutual intercourse between Sir Philip De Carteret, and Sir Richard Harleston of Humberstone, Lincolnshire, Vice-Admiral of England, in defence of the Island, cemented the union between their families, and led to the marriage of Sir Philip's only son to Margaret, Sir Richard's only daughter and sole heiress, the heroine of the poem entitled 'The Lady of St. Ouen.'

Grosnez Castle was strongly fortified by King John, but since the period referred to in the poems, it has fallen to decay. St. Ouen's Manor House is, with the exception of Trinité, the only relic of feudal residences in Jersey. Both these Seigneuries, as well as that of Melesche, belonged to the family of De Carteret ; and De Rozel to that of Lemprière. The oppressive acts of Matthew Baker, Governor of Jersey in the reign of Henry VII., led to great changes in the administration of affairs in that Island.

THE CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, AND ESCAPE OF MESSRS. CAREY, DE BEAUVOIR, AND DE HAVILLAND.

After Sir Peter Osborne, then Governor of Guernsey, had come to an open rupture with the inhabitants on account of their adherence to the Parliament, the Committee of Lords and Commons appointed to watch over the safety of the kingdom forwarded an instrument vesting the provisional government of Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark in thirteen gentlemen, of whom Peter de Beauvoir des Granges was appointed President. This family, now extinct, is one of the most ancient in the Island. The families of Carey and De Havilland are also of great antiquity, and have distinguished themselves in their unwearied efforts for the benefit of the Island. Captain John Bowden, whose treachery is described in the following Poem, was afterwards high in favour with the House of Stuart. After the accession of Charles II., he had the honour of bringing His Majesty to Jersey from France in September 1649.

ST. MAGLORIUS AND THE DRUIDS.

The Romans, contrary to their usual custom, mercilessly destroyed the Druids of these Islands, probably fearing the influence of their Bards upon the minds of the people, of which they had had such proof in their attempts for the subjugation of Mona. St. Maglorius was the nephew of St. Sampson, to whom, A.D. 550, Childebert, son of Clovis, presented the Channel Islands, as an augmentation of his small diocese of Dol. He succeeded his uncle in the bishopric ; but, animated with a burning zeal for the conversion of the Islanders, he resigned it to one of his disciples, and left the Continent for ever. He built a monastery in Sark, where he was buried. We think it probable that "the monster" describes one who sought the extirpation of the idolaters by fire and sword, rather than their conversion by the peaceful influence of the Gospel.

THE SMUGGLERS OF HAVRE GOSSELIN.

In consequence of the efforts made by Helier de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen, for the improvement of the Island of Sark, it was presented to him by Queen Elizabeth. By a deed of grant bearing date 10th October, 1567, the manor of Beauregard, in the said Island, was given to his friend Nicolas Gosselin, Esq., of the Island of Guernsey, at a nominal rent of 50 sols sterling per annum. The family of Gosselin is of Norman origin, and appears to have been one of the first to settle in the Channel Islands. One of its members distinguished himself in the defence of Mont Orgueil Castle, in the reign of Edward III., and, in return, was presented by that monarch with the present armorial bearings of the family. From the circumstance of being included in the afore-mentioned grant, the bay derives its name of Havre Gosselin.

GAULTIER DE LA SALLE.

The records of the Royal Court of Guernsey having been unfortunately destroyed by fire, about the commencement of the 16th century, the tale upon which this Poem is founded must rest alone on traditionary evidence. It is still firmly, and very generally, believed, and a field forming part of the Ville au Roi estate is still called "Le Courtil Massey." The Ville au Roi is situate in the immediate vicinity of St. Peter Port. A sculptured granite doorway, a granite spiral staircase, and other parts of the building which have escaped the ravages of time, would well repay the attention of the curious.

LA HOUGUE BIE.

"Dangerous serpents," says the Rev. Edward Durell, in his notes to his valuable edition of Falle's History of Jersey, "never existed in our climate ; and it must have been some hostile chieftain who was thus designated, and whom the Lord of Hambye encountered and slew. There is nothing improbable in all this ; or that he might have been murdered by his attendant under the excitement of the irresistible passions of lust and envy." La Hougue Bie is in the parish of Grouville, and commands a most extensive view, embracing the whole Island, and, in clear weather, the opposite coast of France. The name signifies the Tomb of Hambye.

THE END.

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